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Nathan Hogg

UC-NRLF

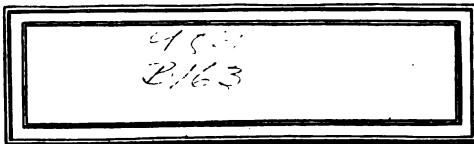
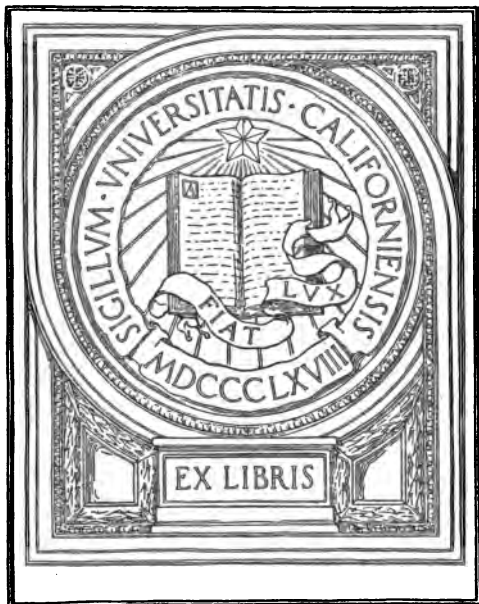


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LETTERS & POEMS

TU ES BRITHER JAN,

IN

THE DEVONSHIRE DIALECT

BY

NATHAN HOGG.

FIRST SERIES.

EDITED, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY
ROBERT DYMOND, F.S.A.

Seventh Edition—Enlarged—with a Revised Glossary.

S. DRAYTON & SONS,
201, HIGH STREET, EXETER.
1902.

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**His Royal Highness Prince Louis Lucien
Bonaparte to the Author.**

MY DEAR MR. BAIRD,

About your dedicating your book to me, I shall be very happy to accept it; and as far as concerns my humble individual opinion about your ability in the Devonshire Dialect, I can only say that all the most intricate and difficult questions about the pronunciation, and other grammatical proprieties of this very interesting dialect have been answered by you in such a manner as to enable me to adopt several of the modifications of the orthography, the which certainly I could never have attained except through a person thoroughly acquainted, as you, in my opinion, undoubtedly are, with the peculiarities of this curious form of the English speech.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

L. L. BONAPARTE.

Biographical Sketch.

HENRY BAIRD, the popular writer of poems in the Devonshire Dialect under the *nom de plume* of "Nathan Hogg," was a native of Exeter. In person he was short and dark, with a peculiar cast in the eye, and a depressed manner. In early life he was a Clerk in the office of Mr. HUGH M. ELLACOMBE, Attorney, of Exeter (elder brother of the late Rev. H. T. ELLACOMBE, F.S.A.), and the last who held the office of Chamberlain of that City. Later on, BAIRD carried on business as a Bookseller in St. Martin's Lane, Exeter, and was also connected with the local Newspaper Press.

He was a close observer of the peculiarities of the Devonshire Dialect, and published, chiefly in the *Devon Weekly Times*, the humorous poetical sketches, which were afterwards collected and issued in a separate volume, entitled, "*Poetical Letters to es Brither Jan*, by Nathan Hogg." The genuine humour and poetical genius displayed in these letters, and their close delineation of the vulgar speech of the County, have rendered them so popular, especially with students of provincial dialect, that another Edition has been called for. That distinguished linguist, the late PRINCE LUCIEN BONAPARTE, was so struck with them that he came to Exeter, and sought a conference with the author. Hence the Second Series of "Nathan Hogg's Poems" were dedicated to the Prince. As in so many similar cases, BAIRD's gifts did not include a talent for money-making, and he left Exeter in the hope of obtaining more profitable employment on the Metropolitan Press. He did not long survive the change, and on the 3rd of May, 1881, he died in St. Thomas' Hospital of consumption, aged about 52 years.

ROBERT DYMOND, F.S.A.

EXETER, March, 1888.

Introductory Letter to the First Edition.

EXTER, *August 25th*, 1847.

DEER JANNY,

'Im gwain vur ta stan vaur ma betters—
I've agreed vur ta pirnt iv'ry wan a me letters ;
I've talk'd way me Vriends vurry auff'n kinsarning
Tha gude thay wid du in purmoting a larning :
Laurd Chistervield dude et, (yu've yerd uv es name ?)
An zo did Chapone, an I'll du jist tha zame,
Vur I darezay et mit (tho' uv kuse es cant tull)
Larn miny pore nawnithin vellers ta spull.
Eddicashin, deer Jan, is a bewtivul thing—
'Tis better thin ort a tal ulse thee kiss bring :
Wen es bothe wen ta skool stid uv playing and vighting,
I always stick'd vast ta ma spulling and vrighting,
Zo now I be abul ta hannel ma queel,
Vur I've yerd thare's a way, if thare's uny a weel.
Deer Janny, I shant vrite thur moar now at present,
Bit stap way tha haup I've dude gude ta tha pheasant ; *
If as how thay doant want us ta laff at thare spulling,
Let min zit too an larn, vur thay may if thay'm wulling :
Wen I've pirnted me bukes I shill zend wan ta Zogg,
Deer brither I wish thur adu,

NATHAN HOGG.

* Peasant.

NATHAN HOGG'S LETTERS

TU ES BRITHER JAN.

Tha Hossmanship.

EXTER, *April 12, 1846.*

DEER JAN,

I vrites, as I agreed.
Ta tell thur aul thit I've a zeed ;
An girtly I've a bin amused,
Vur tu zich zights I bant a used.
Tha tother night I went to zee
Tha hossmanship, lor what a spree !
I thort as how I shude a dide
Way laffin, an a split ma zide.
Tu chaps urn'd in za limp as ails,
A turning auver taps an tails,
An vallin down way zich a wack,
I thornt thay muss a brauk thäre back ;
I ax'd a chap a zitting thare
How 'twas thit thay sude doo za quare,
Ha zed, uv kuse, thay jum'pd about,
Cuz thare back boans wos took'd out.
Then thurteen hosses tratted in,
And made up zich a purty zene ;

An wan tha chaps ha gied a jump,
An cleer'd aul awmin in a lump.
Wull, tu a hoop thay had a tide
Zome daggers round about inzide,
Tha vuller jump'd, za cleer's a egg,
Rite droo, an niver scratch'l es leg.
Nex a man an hoss com'd in,
An gallup'd aul aroun tha ring ;
Ha uny gied es wip a znack,
Then stude up tap tha hosses back,
An zim'd za aisy gwain aroun,
As if ha stude pin tap tha groun ;
Bim-bye, in com'd a wacking hoss,
A man lied tap es back across,
Ha urn'd an zniff'd, an kik'd an shied,
I thort as how tha man'd a died ;
I spose ha didd'n, vur in tha night,
I zeed min lukiug up all vricht.
I went last Zindy zeed tha churches,
An wair'd ma bess coat, hat, an burches ;
I thort as how tha vokes did stare
Ta zee mer drest like vur a vair.
I'm sorry thit I must a dun
Avaur I've told thur all tha vun.
Yu zee me paper's vill'd up quite,
Bit zune agane I'll try ta vrite ;
I haup as how yu veeds tha dog,—
Yer luving brither,

NATHAN HOGG.

Gooda Fridy, Tha Vair, &c.

EXTER, 21st April, 1846.

DEER JAN,

I now vrites as I zed how I weed,
Ta tull thur zom moar aw tha zights I've a zeed,
Vur Exter's tha place, if et bant dang ma wig,
Ta zee zome rear sport ur ta carr aun a rig;
Bit tha chaps thit be urning about all tha day,*
Drest up jist like munky's agwain ta tha play—
Thay woant let thur stan in tha strait way yer cart,
Ulse yu'm took'd vaur tha mare and a vin'd purty zmart.
I wis passing wan day alonzide tha Gilhal,
An yer'd min inzide kiking up uv a bral;
A big bullied veller had a got holt (ess vath !)
A boocher vur karrin es pig in tha path.
Now tha genelvoks yer may du jist as thay plaize,
An stan bout tha shops an tha straits at thare aize—
Tu a vuller drest wul thay niver zes nort,
An that are's tha rais'n a new coat I've bort.
Now wen I'm zot quiet I thinks ta mersul,
As how I should du vur a mare vury wul,
An I'll tull thur tha vust thing I'd du ta be zhore,
Pitch et in tap tha urch za wul as tha pore;
I wis axed out lass Vriday† ta brekses at aight,
Niver avaur did I zee zich a gorjus zight—

* Policeman.

† Good Friday.

Es ad nort ulse bit keaks way crasses pin tap,
Zes I vur them are I'm a cabical chap;
They handid min roun ta tha vokes thit wur there—
Thay wis vury zmal aitters and did'n min stare,
Vur noan awmin took'd out abuv wan ur tu,
Bit I took'd tha platter wayout more adu.
Vur dinner, deer Jan, us'd a got a rare dish,
Uv butter an eggs way pasnips an vish.
A Mundy es went down an zeed tha girt vair,
Ta be zure twas anuff ta mak iny wan stare—
Wa tha zwingers, an shaws, an tha pickters, an ban,
I cud'n a zim'd thare wis ort haf za gran;
Thare wis wan purty gal, bit a chaiting yung thing,
Who ax'd mer ta gie hur a bit uv a zwing,
I got in azide aw hur, bit wen es cum'd out,
Iv'ry wan a me pokkits wis turn'd inzide out;
Her urn'd ta tha vokes an a got in atween
Put her thum tap her nauze, an cal'd out yu be green!
Then stright I urn'd hom, the mis think vury quare,
An ad nort moar ta du way girt Exter vair.
If I beant hom in a week, or zay rather better,
I'll write thur, deer Jan, a banging girt letter—
Thay wants mer ta stap, I doant think as I shal,
Vur I've got a girt hinklin ta ze ma ole gal;
Zo gie ma kend luv ta Bets, Nanee, an Zogg,
Vrim yer vechshinit brither,

NATHAN HOGG.

Tha Wile Baists.

EXTER, *May 18th, 1846.*

DEER JANNY,

I vrites as I zed how I weed,
An be now gwain ta tull thur zom moar I've a zeed.
A short time ago I wis down in tha town,
An zeed zich a wackin girt thing komin down,
Way a nauze in es veace thit tha voks kal'd a znout,
Aw 'twis musin ta zee min a twirdlen about ;
An I think wayout tulling a wurd uv a lie,
Thit ha stude vule veeften ur zixteen veet hie :
Zom zed 'twis a hullifint, but a chap urning pass,
Wen I ax'd en wat 'twas, zed a rinasseras ;
Howiver, deer Jan, let min be wat ha weed,
I niver aaur zich a wacker hav zeed ;
A vine looking humman zot up tap es back,
Aw lor, if hur'd val'd hur muss had a wack ?
If they shaw'd zich a windervul zight aul vur nort,
Mist be zix times za wull vur a zixpince I thort ;
Zo zune arter I went down an zeed aul tha baist,
An gied drippence moar vur ta zee min all vaist.
Wen vust I kum'd down a yung humman got in,
Who tha kal'd a quare name, tha girt lian Quene ;
Hur pokid tha lian, an nack'd min, deer Jan,
Jist like I'd be banging our little dog Van ;
Put her haid in es mouth, ha begun'd vur ta kauff,
Lor a marcy, zais I, ha'll znip en irt auff !
An I darezay, deer Jan, thit it wud ha been dude,
If hur'd got ort a tal in her haid thit wis gude.

Tha thing thit I zeed in tha day dude a trick—
Put es nauze in ma pokkit an took'd a girt brick,*
Ha tucked en up under es znout ta make zhore,
An put en out roun as if axing vur moar ;
Zais I, "chaw a hapmy," bit cute as a vox,
Ha put up es nauze and drappen intu a box.
Wull then es went roun ware tha munky's wis keep'd—
An wan awmin zim'd like as if ha wis zleep'd,
Zo I put in me han jist ta much down es tail,
When ha kært holt my thum, an moast brauk auf tha nail,
Zo I moov'd auff vrim thare, za vast as I kude,
Vur ha tride ta kum out, wich I thort ha'd a dude.
A bird ad a vish thare za big as a hake,
He haupen'd es mouthe, an jist geed min a shake,
Then gobbled min down vrim tha tap ta tha tail,
An made no moar awmin nor if 'twis a ail,
An tha man zed as how thit auff'n thay kan
Wen they veels vury hungary, zwaller a man ;
The vokes all did laff, but I dude nort bit stare,
Zo they kal'd out old kodger, yude better take kare ;
Wat thay mains be old kodger I can't tull a tal,
But I zim'd thit as how thay wur up vur a bral,
Zo I thort tha bess thing was ta cut purty quick,
Vur vear that pin tap mer thay'd play iny trick.
I shill luke out an try to git zummat ta du,
Vur I hunderstans geard'nin an other things tu.
Ma paper's vill'd up, so in kuse I mist stap,
But I'll soon write thur moar about Exter, ole chap.
Tha next time I vrites et wull be ta deer Zogg,
Vrim yer veckshinit brother,

NATHAN HOGG.

* Penny loaf.

Nathan's Love Letter.

EXTER, *May 25th, 1846.*

DEER ZOGGY,

I've uny jist got yer letter,
An girtly be plaized vur ta yer thit yu'm better ;
Yu zes yu daunt spoas as how thit I luv thur,
An way living in Exter be got above thur,
But dang ma ole buttons, tant true, vur I nivir
Hav zeed a maid yer haf za purty an clivir,
Zo I'll nivir vursake thur za long as me lyve,
An wen es cums hom I'll make thur me wive ;
Aw lor, when I thinks aw't me hart knacks about,
Jist as if ha wur reddy vur jumping irt out,
Exter maidens luke wull anuff when thay be dress'd,
Way thare vine vantysheeny goold things in thare brest,
But if yu cude uny jist zee mir be day,
Thay be lookin za yellor as old dyver'd hay—
I thinks that most aul awmin wants mer ta spaik,
But na, deeress Zoggy, me haid bant za waik,
Thay lukes in me veace, how they laffs to be zure,
Like as if I wid spaik thay wid zay zummat moar.
I cude git a dressmaker* weniver I likes,
Uny hold up me vinger, ta walking thay hikes,
I zees turneys clarks, an shop vuller zwulls,
Aul awmin doo's et wen passin tha gals ;
But yu need'n be veer'd thit I be tha zame,
I shude haup thit yu naws mur tu wull vur that game ;

* This only alludes to a peculiar class pursuing that avocation, so that no respectable young lady can take offence at Nathan, by thinking herself included.

An I'll tell thur agane, as avaur I've a zaid,
Thit I niver wia marry a dressmakin maid,
A squatting about in tha houze all tha day,
An a girt dail too vine vur ta clain en away.
I thinks vury auffn wen us got zom vine weather,
How auffn us uzed ta go walkin together,
An bout tha girt tree in tha vour aker meade,
Ware hours es have zot vur ta bide in tha sheade ;
An then I thinks auver tha zmacks I've a gied thur,
An thort aut za long till I zim'd thit I zeed thur ;
I dreem'd tother night thit I gied thur a zmacker,
Wen in com'd yer vather and vetch'd mer a wacker,
An et vrighten'd mer zo thit I val'd out a baid,
An agin the girt paust thare I hat me pore haid.
I zend thur, deer Zogg, a vew laces vur stays,
Bit I haup yu woant val in tha Exter maids ways,
Vur thay hal up thare wastis za toight and za zmal,
Thit I'm zartin tha mait niver gose down a tal,
An a cliver man tole mer hu vurily thort
Thay sqweez'd up tha hawls uv thare stummiks to nort.
I haup this'll zit thur parfickly aizy,
But I naw vury wul wat better wid plais'ee—
Yude reather I'd gie thur a kiss thin a letter,
Bit keep up yer spurrits, tis aul vur tha better—
Zo now I mist wish thur gude by, me deer Zogg,
Vrim yer veckshinit luver,

NATHAN HOGG.

Peter's Tower, tha Baylraud, &c.*EXTER, June 8th, 1846.***DEER JAN,**

If in kase thit yu cude bit cum in
Vur ta zee half tha zights thit be yer ta be zin,
Yude niver vurgit min, but winder and stare
Vur tha rest uv yer live, thay aul be za quare.
I wis up tap a Peter's girt tow'r tother day.
An thort thit I never shude vound out tha way,
Twis za dark, and za hie, thit I thort ivry stap
Zim'd varder and varder vrim gwain up a tap;
Ta last es got up ware thay keeps tha girt bul,
How vrighten'd I was I bant able to tul,
Zich a wackin girt thing—most za big's our church!
Vur ta zee min, I'm zure yu wide like vury much;
An tha man thit wis keepin tha kay uv tha tower,
Zais he, "wen ha rings, Exter beer aul turns zower;"*
Now, I cant tull thur Jan, if be tru ur et baint,
Zo uv kuse tidd'n vright vur tu zay thit et baint,
Arter this, es cum'd up, an es look'd out aroun;
An cude zee ivry pairt uv girt Exter town;
Tha zmoak an tha watter, tha zin and tha noyse—
Zich things me deer Janny, I always hinjoys;
An tha chaps thit wis walkin aun down in tha raud,
Look'd like littel voks that I've raid aw abraud.
I tuke auff me hat jist ta holler wurraw!
Wen ha zlip'd out me han, an ha val'd down below:
I shude ha' zeed moar, if et wadden vur that,
Bit of kuse 'twidd'n du vur ta loss a new hat;

* An old saying. The bell is 12,500 lbs. weight, and cannot be rung.

Arter vallin and scrallin zu vast as I cude,
 I got en, bit didd'n wance think thit I shude.
 A Tuesedy* es went down ta Tingmith be steem,
 Aw! niver uv ridin za vast did I dreem;
 Twis jist agaun twulve wen es cum'd out ta stashin,
 A urning an zwettin like ole botherashin;
 I thort zo, thinks I, I'm in vury gude time,
 Zo I was—vur to zee min go down droo tha line,
 A puffin an blawin, an like a yung cheel,
 A screechin an hollin, as if ha cude veel;
 I ax'd wan tha chaps vur ta urn down an stap'n,
 But ha laff'd at me zo, I shude like tu ha' wap'n.
 Wull es waited out thare, till up tu ur haf arter,
 A walkin an talkin way Will an es darter;
 Wen thay aupen'd tha door, us wis aul aw's pairted,
 Vur I tummil'd in vust, vur veer ha'd ha' started;
 Bim bye, auff es goes, et a winderful speed!
 An zich a vine zight auver Exter es zeed,
 Tha houzes and tow'rs, an aul awt bezide,
 An eet, arter aul, lor, how vast es did ride!
 Es cum'd down ta Dalish, aw didd'n I stare!
 Vur ta zee tha girt ships, and tha zay all za quare;
 An tha tides wis a rollin, za blue and za white,
 Deer Jan, arter aul, twis a butivul zight;
 Aul ta wance es urn'd in tu a wackin girt haul,†
 Za dark thit yu cuden zee nothin a taul:
 An then es com'd out in tha hair an tha zin,
 An vaster an vaster, ta Tingmith did rin.
 Deer Jan, I daunt think thare wis ort a tal, skace
 Weth talkin about, iny pairt uv tha plaice;
 I stap'd thare til haf arter zix I shude spose,

* The South Devon Railway to Teignmouth was opened the previous day.

† Tunnel.

Wen ta com hom agane, ta tha stashin es gose ;
Thare wis lots leff behind em, tha might avore that,
Zo es went up thare airly, thinks I, I bant vlat !
Zes tha chap, "Zir, yer tikket"—zes I , "wat'ee zay ?
"Way I draw'd en down tap uv tha table ta day."
Zes he, "Me deer zur, I daunt naw nort about et,
Bit yu cant go vur zartin, ta Exter way out et :"
Arter ballin an nackin a girt dail a bother,
I was blaijed vur ta pay en, to gie mer another.
Wull then in es gose, bit moast daid way that hot,
An zot aul aroun mer, there was zich a lot ;
An a hulkin girt chap, who es ax'd to zit down,
Ha stap'd up tha winder moast aul up ta town.
Bit es got hom quite saff, zo thar idd'n nort moar,
About tha rail raud, a weth tullin I'm zhore.
I wish yu cude uny com in a vew days,
An zee bit a vew uv tha Exter vokes ways :
An I warn'ee za zune, as yu com in, yu shal
Pick up in a minit a vury nice gal ;
Wen tha chaps veels inclin'd vur ta git a hung humman,
If shude be pin a Zindy, ta Vaur-strait they go min ;
An urns up'ndown till they zees wan thay likes,
Then out vur a walkin together thay hikes.
Thare be thowsins a maid'ns, and thowsins a men,
A pakin droo Vaur-strait, vrim hight up ta ten ;—
A maid nur a man, nver walks abuv wance
Droo tha strait, wayout tis vur ta luke vur a chance.
I've a took'd up ta zmoak, vur I've found out a houze
Tho ('bout et I keeps murzel quiets a mouze !)
Ware thay zills thare cigars haf a diz'n vur drippence,
Ur if yu takes twulve, you can git min vur vippence ;
An tha man zez tis turney's clarks moastly thit by's em.
An shopmen, an zometime thit gennelmen trys em.

I've a vill'd up me paper, I think, vury tidy,
 Bit I'll tull thur lots moar if I cums hom a Vridy.
 Zo now I'll shet up—gie ma kind luv ta Zogg,
 Vrim yer veckshinit brither,

NATHAN HOGG.

'Bout tha Balune.

EXTER, *August 11th*, 1846.

DEER JAN,

I daunt think I shude vrite haf za zune,
 If et wadd'n ta tull thur about tha balune;
 Arter zich a vine zight thinks I ta be zhore
 I'll vrite, if et idd'n ta tull thur nort moar.
 About haf arter zix es went up droo tha town,
 And hundreds a vokes wis a gwain up'ndown;
 And dang et, deer Janny, how much thee wiss stare,
 Ta zee min dress'd viner than vur iny vair.
 Well, zune es oes up ta tha tap uv tha strait,
 As I thort et mist be a gude place vur ta wait;
 Zo es stiks merzul up ta tha zide uv a houze,
 An waited ta zee min, za quiet's a mouze,
 Aul ta wance es wis kaining up auver tha ski,
 And zeed a quare thing gwain up windervul hi;
 Zes I tu a chap, "What dee cal thic a-head?"
 Zes he, "Aw that are's tha balune's little maid;"*

* The small pilot balloon sent up a-few minutes before the large one.

I wis mused vur ta yer min za cliver ta talk,
And ha drade a balune gin tha wal way zom chalk :
Zune arter, tha chaps gied a tarrabul bal,
An tha hummen and childern begin'd vur ta squal :
As ha cum'd out like winky out auver tha pleace,
I cude zee en za plain as tha nauze in yer veace ;
I voller'd en up alongzide uv zome moar,
Till ha got up vule tu ur dree miles, I am zshore ;
An zom uv tha vokes thare, thay holler'd out loud,
" My ivers, ha's gone in a wacking girt cloud ! "
Ha cum'd out agane, bit zune went out a zight,
An didd'n com hom till up ten tha zame night.
I thort to merzul, how windervul quare,
Et was vur ta zee a man ride droo tha hare,
Wayout ort in tha wordel thit iny aw's zeed,
Vur ta hold'n ur push'n zich windervul speed :
I didd'n zee nort bit a wackin girt bal,
And I'm zure thicky thing cud'n pull min a tal :
If Vather and ole Hunkel Will cude bit zee
Tha things thit be dooing, how vrichtene'd thay'd be !
Poor vellers ! thay always wis vond uv ort vresh,
Wen thay liv'd tap tha aith, an like us wis vlesh ;
Bit 'tis ta be haup'd thay now zees quarer things,
An vlys likes balunes droo tha hare wayout wings.
In looking up to min I stap'd in a bogg,—
Vrim yer veckshinit brither,

NATHAN HOGG.

'Bout tha Yancy Bal.

EXTER, *January 18th, 1847.*

DEER JANNY,

I vrites, an in haups vur ta vind
 That yu bares et up wull bothe in body an mind,
 'Tis a long time ago thit I vraut ort a tal,
 Bit I thort I must tull thur about tha vine bal;
 Thare wis dresses all vorrin, an hair powder'd white,
 I be dang'd if et wadd'n a most komikil zight,
 An as up ta tha doorway tha cars wis a draw'd—
 Lor a macy! I zim'd I was auver abraud!
 Tho' tha bal didd'n aup'n till gittin most leb'n,
 I made vur tha geat about haf arter zeb'n;
 Vur I thort thit tha vokes wid a chuck'd up tha strait,
 An I hadd'n no mind vur ta loss zich a trait.
 Wull up com's a car, an then out jumps a veller,
 Way coat made a spang'ls, an edgid way yeller,
 An es urch looking burches a skollop'd aul roun,
 I'm zshore mist a caust en up vule veefty poun.
 Then up ta tha doorway another wis drade,
 Dress'd up like tha chaps ware tha tay is a made*—
 Yu've auff'n a zeed min ta ole Mother Banisturs,
 Cuz hur've got em a painted pin tap uv hur kannisturs.
 A covey went in thit I thort wis a Turk,
 Bit vrightvul anuff ta make iny dog burk;
 Zom cal'd en a Pasher vrim Haygipt—bit Laur!
 I niver zeed iny dress'd quarer avaur.

* China.

Thay begin'd vur ta drap in za thik an za vast,
 Thit I thort I shude niver a zeed out tha last ;
 Thare wis sailers an sauwers, way silver an leace
 An ladees way vlowers stik'd all roun thare veace ;
 Thare wis 'Murrikins, Turks, an pass'ns and squires,
 An huntsmen and pheasants, ('tis thaize I hadmires.)
 Deer Jan how more nauble twid be ta be zshore,
 If they'd gie haf tha munny thay waste ta tha pore,
 Vur droo Exter Market thare bant to be voun,
 No vlesh whatsimiver, under zix pince a poun ;
 Poor crayturs may starve, but thay daunt care a kuss,
 An zooner would zee it thin aup'n thare puss ;
 An tha tettys be higher than iver avaur,
 Thay bant auver gude vur wan an hightpince a skaur,
 An thay daunt zim as if they wis likely ta drap,
 But I haup thee'st a dig'd up a purty gude crap.
 Me leg is za bad thit I hops like a vrogg,
 Vrim yer veckshinit brither,

NATHAN HOGG.

Ester Vair.

EXTER, *April 9th*, 1847.

DEER JAN,

As I zed wen es pairted a Vridy,
 I writes vur ta zay if tha vair wis ort tidy :
 At tha pikturs an vokes, an tha musik an shaws,
 Deer brither I'm zshore thee'st a cock'd up thee nauze.
 Wen vust es kom'd down a young humman hur jits
 Me ulbaw, an ax'd vur dree happerd a nits,

Zais I, "wull me deer I be up vur zum fun,"
Zo auver I gose an I takes up tha gun,
Bit I voun ha wis turrabul hard vur ta hannel,
An instid uv tha thurty I shet at tha kannel;
How hur znigger'd an laff'd I didd'n like vury wul,
Zo I gied her tha munny ta shet vur hurzul;
Thinks I arter this, I daunt think thares a thing
I shude like haf za well as to ride in a zwing,
Zo es zits murzul in, an ha gose up like winky,
Bit in tu er dree minnits I begun'd vur ta blinky;
I was zick an za bad an tha vellers keep'd ballin,
"Deer yer how ha's crackin? My ivers ha's vallin!"
An wen es kom'd out vur ta stan pin tha groun,
Tha pikturs an aul awt zim'd twirdlin aroun;
An et made mer za bad vur tha rest uv tha night,
Thit I cuden way spurit injoy iny zight.
As a bit uv a channges es gits intu a pleace
Ware a vuller'd a painted aul auver es veace,
Ha was dress'd up za vunny an talkid za kute,
An hop'd auver es leg wile ha holdid es vute,
An wan litt'l vuller thay lide en down vlat,
An tide up es body complait in a nat;
Ha wis dude up za wul, if ha wadd'n I'm blistered!
Deer Jan as thee'st tie up a girt skain a wisterd;
An wen thay'd a twisted tha chap up za smal,
Thay truckl'd en roun like a big caddy bal.
Wull then es gits roun ware tha hummen wis dancin,
An tha drums wis a bating an murrymins prancin,
An wan a tha maids gied her nauze a gude wipe
Way her hand, an kom'd vorrid an danc'd a hornpipe;
Her dude et za vitty, an light as a veather,
And then vive ur zix awmin aul danc'd tagether.
Bit laur! if I stap vur ta tull aul tha vun,

I shil vrite vur a vortnit an then shant ha dun ;
Bezide, me deer Jan, I'm a blaijed vur ta stap,
As I've vill'd up me paper vrim bottim ta tap,
I haup thit as how thee wis zend in tha dogg :
Vrim yer veckshinit brither,

NATHAN HOGG.

'Bout tha Rieting.

EXTER, *May 12th*, 1847.

DEER JANNY,

As tettys an caurn be sa skace,
I daunt think a vew wurd wid be murch out a place ;
An as I'm azot be merzul all za quiet,
I mains vur ta tull thur about Exter riet.
Las' Vriday wis week as I pakid down droo
Exter straits, I wis tole thit a mortal baloo
Wis aun, an thit hummen an childern be zwarms,
Wis braiking tha winders, an aul up'n harms ;
Thinks I, wull I'm blister'd if this bant a job,
An then laur a macy ! I spied out tha mob :—
Deer Jan, I wis stin'd arter walking irt down.
Vur I vancied twis aul uv the hummen in town ;
Thay wis dring'd up an ballin, an zwearin, an hootin,
An pushid za hard thit I lost holt me vooting,
An val'd taps an tarvey rite down pin tha stones—
Twis a macy I did'n crack aul aw ma bones ;
Wull, es voller'd em up vur a hower or too,
A ballin an kikkin up zich a ta doo,

An wile es wis talkin 'bout wat made em rauze,
A wackin girt stone com'd up bang gin ma nauze ;
An I've winder'd an winder'd as how thicky stoan,
(Zick a wacker as twas) didd'n braik in tha boan ;
Thinks I thare be dahnger, an thort to merzul,
If es keep'd varder back es cude zee jist za wul.
Wul vorrid thay went, an I vurrily thort
They'd a z mash'd aul tha winders thay toss'd at, ta nort,
An as zom uv tha howzes, thay dringid a pass,
My ivers thay pipper'd girt stones ta tha glass—
Deer Janny, daunt niver zay hummen be quiet,
Twis thay thit made up iv'ry bit uv tha riet,
An wan a tha wist awmin holler'd an zed,
"Tan't wisser ta die thin ta live wayout bred."
I thort avaur that thay cude du nort bit grin,
But I vound all ta wance I wis dewcid took'd in.
I voller'd an voller'd, an zeed as they zed,
Thay wis aul detarmin'd ta git holt zom bred,
An jigger me, Janny, thay aul uv a hop,
Stude outside uv Kenhoods, wat keeps a bred shop ;
Ha haupen'd tha doorway, an draw'd out zom rolls,
Thit hat em moast dreadful pin tap uv thare polls,
An made tha poor crayturs ta rub em an schatch em,
Bit et wadd'n no joke, tho' I liked vur ta watch em,
Thay sar'd all tha bakers up droo jist the zame,
An zom awmin thort twis a cabical game,
An I'm zartin, deer brither, as miny ulse thort,
Thit haf awmin dude et wat didd'n want nort.
I vurgot vur ta tull thur as how I've a been
Zwarded in as a kunstabil sarvin tha Queen,
An I made a mistake, vur ma staff was za zipper,
Thit I hit wan uv ourzide a dewce uv a clipper,
Bit I told en I didd'n wance main vur ta doo et,

Vur ha hold up es awn an wis gwain to goo too et ;
 Bit I'm like haf tha tothers thit got in tha lot,
 If tha vellers wis vighting, ta cut like a zshot.
 The sauwers wis all awmin cal'd up be night,
 Way thare bagganit guns, vur ta zee aul wis rite ;
 Bit thay vound thit tha mob didd'n like vury wul
 Ta git a gude wacking, no moar thin merzul.
 But now I mis stap, vur I've burn'd out tha light,
 Zo I wish thur, deer brither, a vury gude night ;
 I shill cut off ta baid, vur tis dark as a bogg ;
 Vrim yer veckshinit brither,

SPESHIL KUNSTABIL HOGG.

'Bout Tha Bal.

EXTER, 24th December, 1847.

DEER JAN,

Tis za lang zince I vraut ta thur last,
 Thit I vinds I bant ekal ta writing za vast ;
 Vur larning like iv'ry thing ulse, me deer Jan,
 If you doant voller't up, ull git out a yer han ;
 Tha biggest vule apin aith wid be abul ta vrite,
 If ha'd zeed bit a haf wat I zeed Mundy night,
 Bit I vlatters merzul as I've got better sense,
 Thin ta keep thur, deer Jan, iny longer in 'spense ;
 Cant'ee guess wat et is (no I sponse nat a tal),
 Laur a macy, deer Jan, I've a been tu a ball!—
 (I mains I've a zeed wan) way Will an es Zister,

Vur es gied highteenpense, ta git in tha Horkister ;
Wull es gits in thick place and tho' haf arter wan,
Es had vule highteenpennard a vun me deer Jan,
Vur ta zee aul tha shopmen, an tailors, an clarks,
Wizzing about thare yung hummen and havin' zich larks ;
If yu'd zeed tha maids dresses (Laur a macy ta vew min !)
I ad nort ulse ta du bit ta watch and luke tu min ;
Thare wis zom aul in blu, an zom dress'd up in black,
Zom look'd like kammils way girt humps pin thare back,
An I'm darn'd if I'm inything like a gude jidge,
Pin tap aw'm cude ride vrim tha rume ta Exe bridge ;
'Tis all nonsinse begads (thay may cal mer a prater)
Let min war no moar bussel thin's gied em be natur,
Tho' I think arter aul, thay'm convaynyent an warm,
Vur a chap wen ha's tired, vur ta lain down es arm,
An I don't zee as how, be tha luke uv tha gown,
Thit a thing like that are wid be likes ta zlip down.
Wull thay hug'd up wan tother in za luvng a way,
(How thit us dith et hom mis be murch out tha way.)
An thay wadn'n pirtikler, (I thort et za strahnge)
Stid uv stikking tagether, iv'ry dance thay wid chahnge ;
If I had a maid thit a chap hal'd about,
I shude up way han an a vetch'd en a clout,
Vur darn'ee deer Jan (niver mind how thay laffs)
I bant thicky wan thit wid like ta go haf's.
Wull tha mewsic plaid up, auff thay walsid za quick,
Tu er dree urn'd away, an I think thay was zick ;
Way if I wiz ta hannil a maid in our pleace
As thay did in the walse hur'd be skattin me veace ;
Wen I zeas thit yung girls likes zich hallin about,
I reckons tis time thit thare mothers look'd out ;
An yu naws brither Jan, thit 'tis true wat I zay,
Tho' I likes a gude danse wen tant nort out the way.

Bit tha maid'ns look'd wull arter makin a cheese,*
 Then aul up an auff, like tha zwarmin a bees,
 Iv'ry wan in tha rume look'd bewtivul vath,
 (Bit mis zee in tha day vur ta tall a gude clath.)
 In tha kuse uv tha night thay wis playing a rail,
 Ur a Pokha (I didd'n yer haid nur no tail)
 When a chap aul ta wance, as a tride ta urn zlack,
 Ha cock'd up es pumps an went irt pin es back,
 I spose arter that thit ha zim'd ha wer'nt right,
 Vur I nivir cort zight awn no moar vur tha night.
 I've thort pin et auff'n an auff'n deer Jan,
 Wy zich vine looking maids cud'n pik up a man
 Wayout gwain ta zich places, a hopping and prancin
 Bit I spose them air chaps chuses wives vur thare dancin.
 Bit I'd rather have wan (bevaur aul av thare stock)
 That wid work bout the house, an cude clain out a crock.
 Tho' I daunt main to zay zome aw'n thare cud'n du et,
 Bit I zim'd be thare lukes thit they wadd'n used tu et.
 I be quite out a vriting which I haup thee'st exkewze,
 In vack I mis stap cuz I've told aul tha newze.
 I bant nort like tha man I was vaur I laust Zogg,
 Nor I shant be no moar vrim yer brother,

N. HOGG.

* Having once been asked to define the term, "*making a cheese*," a country friend present favoured the company with the following explanation.—"Way, yu mist turn round tu ur drie times, and go quat." This must be synonymous with "ruckee down;" and to those who are not honoured by a personal acquaintance with Nathan, and may probably think the character overdrawn, it should be remarked that the above was given by the son of a respectable farmer residing not five miles from the old city. If this is from the master, what may be expected from the man, especially at a greater distance from the "cultivated."

Tha Gentlemen Ackters.

EXTER, 29th Feb., 1848.

DEER BRITHER,

I zed if I went ta tha play
That I'd vrite thur about et tha vury nex day—
Zo I thort tha bess way vur ta make et aul vrite,
Wis ta zit down and du et tha vury zame night.
Arter waiting and scrallin, an shuvn abit,
Es got in a place thit thay zed wis tha Pit,
An a vury gude name vur tha place wis za smal,
Thit I didd'n stay zwetting aul night, nat a tal.
Wul ez zits merzul in thare, za quiets a mouze,
And zeed aul tha vokes, iv'ry pairt uv tha houze,
An es vew'd all aroun, an es luk'd iv'ry zide,
Laur Janny! yer mouthe wid a haupen'd za wide,
Vur ta zee aul tha Ladies vine dresses and haid
Dud up vur ta make em aul luke purty maids;
Bit wan thing I almost vurgot tu a named—
Thare necks an thare buzzims most made mer a shamed;
Way if I wis thare vathers, et es no use ta tul,
Bevaur I wid zee et, I'd drash em aul wul;
Way *our* modest maids wid a blishid an shakid,
Vur ta zee yu or me way *our* buzzims aul nakid;
Deer Jan I likes modisty deer ta me hart,
I doant think thay got murch, ur thay'm windervul zart;
If ta git min a chap es tha rais'n thay doo et,
I shude zim thit a man uv no veelin wid vew et;
Now wid yu my deer Jan? if tha truth I mis tul,
I shude like thaize here things zeed be noan bit merzul;

If a poorer man's darter shude dress jist the zame,
Vrim tha vury zame wans, hur wid ha' a bad name,—
Bit be wat I can zim, twid be mortally quare,
If tha poor hadd'n got nat more sense thin that are.
Bit tha dresses ta night wis most aul new ta me,
An thingamys quarer I'm zshure cud'n be,
Yu may think, me deer Jan, that I'm zilling a packits
Wen I zes thit tha ladees thare (zom awm) ware jackits;
Bit wat I now tul thur es true pin me wurd,
Thare was zom had min on, way tha tails egid urd;
Deer Jan doant vurgit thaize be ladees uv urches,
I spose tha nex thing thay'll be putting aun burches.
Wull tha kurtin drade up, and a chap ha com'd in,
Lookng veard, an moas reddy ta jump vrim es skin,
Thay call'd en Dan Josey, (tha last name wis gude,)
Vur ha zim'd jist like wan uv our Josey's a stewd,*
Bit ha zune got es pluck up, and talk'd ta zom moar
Thit com'd in vur ta shaw thar zuls tap uv the vloor.
An a chap thit thay zed wiz "wan saize her Bizzan,"†
Ha got in moast turribul hobbils deer Jan,
Bit za miny wis thare thit it idd'n no gude
Vur ta tull wan haf uv tha things thit was dude;
Dree pairts uv et thare I cud'n understand,
I spose cus I haint a bin auff'n deer Jan,
Tha zecnd kinsarn wis moast cabical vun,
An I understood iv'ry wan thing thit wis dun;
Aw! if yude a zeed thicky Jurry tha Vidler,
I think twis es name, (et was Vidler ur Didler)
An a vury gude name, vur deer Jan, twis za vunny,
Ta zee how a diddled a chap uv es munny,
An ha acted za wull, thit thay aut tu a paid min,

* Stew'd Owl.

† Don Cæsar de Bazan.

Way yu may naw tha chap, they call'd en yung *Laidman*.
Bit tha chap I liked moast, wis a chap thay cal'd Zam,
He wis like yu ur me, a vine spuce country man,
An wen ha vust spoak, tho' ha said ha wis York,
Ha mit jist as wul zed, thit a knife wis a vork—
Ha wis wan uv tha hoffisers, Janny, an rayly,
Ha didd'n ack bad, I think ha's cal'd' *Bayly*.
Thare wis lots moar besides, thit had cort me attenshin,
Bit paper be scace, zo thare names I cant menshin ;
Iv'ry body zed thare, tho I dunnaw mezul,
Thit thay plaid auf thare acting moast cabical wul—
I darezay thay all awmin (dang their girt haid!)
Wis vond uv tha spree vur ta kiss up tha maids,
An zom awmin zmackid an zmackid (Aw laur!)
As if thit thay niver had a zmacker avaur ;
Bit Jurry tha Vidler (tis true pin ma saul!)
Kiss'd za hard, thit I thort ha'd a kiss'd out a haul.
Wul I cant say murch moar, but tis quare now ta me,
How za miny ull vlock ta zich places, ta zee
Thaize nawnothin chaps, stid a gwain tu an sarving
Tha chaps thit got jainis an praps be haf starving ;
Bit I spose that aich gose vur ta shaw auff thare darter,
(Iv'ry wan vur es zul an let jainis com arter).
I cant tul thur more, aiv'n if I wis able,
If I du I shill vrite irt out auver tha table.
An tha clock's striking wan, if a han't I be vlogg,
Zo I'll stap, vrim yer veckshinit brither,

N. HOGG.

Tor Abbey Haistings.

TORKAY, *June 30th*, 1849.

DEER JAN,

Es ad aulmost begun'd tu a thort
Thit me eddificashin ad val'd auf ta nort,
Bit I vinds pin tha titch (tho I zes et merzul)
Es wis nivir more ekal to vrighting za wul,
Vur wen larning ith wance a got in ta yer pole
Tis a diffikilt thing vur ta loosen ets hole ;
An zince, thank tha Laurd ! es be still in thic way,
Es ull tull thur tha things thit be dude in Torkay ;
Last Thesdy wis week as yu naws brither Jan,
Tha yung Squire ta Tor Abby becom'd twenty wan,
Zo ha ax'd aul es vokes, wat belong'd tu es state,
Ta du jistice long way en ta nive, vork an plate ;
Bit as that bant tha stuff thit a vuller kin ait,
Thee mis geess es wis sar'd out za wul way zom mait.
Zoon arter cockleert, pin tha vury zame day,
Aul tha guns wis a shetting an viring away,
Bit es thort et no use vur ta go thare, nat yet,
Vur no wan cud'n tul ware tha bals mit be shet.
About haf arter wan (es doant like ta be late
Ta zich duings as this, as tis vrite vur ta state)
Es drade vore ta tha green, in tha firnt uv tha houze,
Bit tha vokes wadd'n com, zo 'twis quiet's a mouze,
Till tha Trumpits an Horns gin ta strick up a toon,
An twis zed they'd a play'd thare aul droo tha vournoon,
Zo thay blaw'd an thay blaw'd till I thort thit thay must
(I'm zartin I shude) a bin reddy ta bust ;

An' thay'd skacely got time vur ta vetch up thare win,
Wen thay play'd auf in firnt uv ta beef thit com'd in.
'Twis a wackin girt jint an a stick'd up'n en,
An carr'd pin tha sholders uv vower girt men,
Zo zes I ta merzul "es be abul ta ait,
Bit tul make a smal haul in thic girt piece a mait."
Wile es kainid an starid an gapsnested roun,
A girt cart load a pudd'ns com'd in tap tha groun,
Way tettees an things—bit et bant mer intenshin,
(Aiv'n if thit I cude) zich a lot vur ta menshin,
Vur thic minnit es zeed thay wis aul zitting down,
Zo es thort twis no time ta stan gapping aroun ;
Wul es zot down an tuck'd in tha pays an tha pork,
Wich es ait (Lor how gran!) way a vine zilver vork,
Belikes es didd'n use'n vitty, be that as it wul,
Ha widd'n urn into tha mait vury wul.
Wul dinner wis din, and tha genelvoks stood,
An drink'd lots a helths, wich es aul av es dood,
When a chap shet a blunderbuss irt droo tha cover,
An auf went twenty cannins, wan arter tha tother ;
Deer Jan vur tha minnit es wish'd merzul hom,
Vur es thort, pin ma life, thit tha Vrench wis a kom ;
Arter wich aul tha genelvoks spaichified thare,
Till tha squire thort et time ta git out uv es chare,
Zo es aul aw's voller'd es Honor ta wance,
Vur ha zed thay wis gwain to clain out vur a dance ;
Bit es vound es wis aul aw's kindiddled away
Thit tha hummen an thay mit be sar'd way zom tay—
An twis gude vur ta zee iv'ry wan who'd a wish
Sar'd out way a girt piece a cake an a dish.
In tha kuse uv tha aiv'ning tha genelvokes al,
Com'd down way tha vokes, and join'd in tha bal,
An me vace got za urd, an es veelid za gran,

Wen tha yung Squires zister hur shuv'd out hur han,
Zo es cort en holt lite (nat ta squeeze in tha boan)
An jist turn'd hur round wance an then let en aloan.
Wul es stay'd till es veel'd rayther quare in tha haid,
Zo es thort et wis time vur ta cut hom to baid,
Wares es raimid an tossid, an kick'd up'ndown,
Till es dreem'd thit tha Vrench was a com'd in tha town,
An wis jist then ingaged in a turribul squabble
Wen es waked up an voun merzul out uv tha hobble.
Deer Jan up es vustled nex day arternoon,
An voun thit es wadd'n com'd auver ta zune,
Vur tha vust thing es zeed hoppin vorrid an back
Wis a vuller tide up tu es neck in a zack,
An wan ur tu moar wis a sar'd jist tha zame,
Altagether et vorm'd a moast cabical game.
Arter that thare wis munny drap'd into a tub
Vul'd chuck vull a wotter (a hard zort a rub)
Wich tha chaps wis ta vung be thare gieing a dips,
And bring up tha munny between a thare lips,
An wan gaukim thare way a turribul slotter,
Tuck'd up es two legs an val'd strat in tha wotter—
Ha didd'n stap long vur ha com'd out moast chucking,
Nat a tal moar improoved be tha mains uv es ducking;
Ha zim'd steev'd way tha cold an tha daps me deer Jan,
Uv a thing es uv raid aw thay kals a say-man;
Et be dahngerus vath! bit twid be es aun vault
If tha munny'd a truckel'd irt down in es draut.
Bit tha best uv tha vun wis a pig thay relaised,
An zot min a urning, tha tail awmin graised,
An lots urning arter'n ta hole vast es tail,
Laur! pore litt'l zooker how loud ha did squail;
An a cathandid chap thort ha'd got en ta last—
Bit ha hadden! vur auff ha urn'd double za vast,

An a kik'd up tha pilamy an made zich a stewart,
 Ware tha grass wadd'n graud, how es laff'd to be zshore!
 An ha crinted an zlip'd droo thare hans like ta nort,
 Till about haf a nour, an then ha wis cort.
 Thare was climmin vur mutton, an giein a buns,
 An drinkin a cider an beer be tha tuns,
 Thare wis shettin vur nits, thare was dancin za wull—
 In zshore me deer Jan thare wis tu murch ta tul.—
 Ees thares more thit tha Squire ith a dude ta be zshore—
 Ha'th a vill'd up tha stummiks uv lots a tha pore,
 Et es zed tis vur this thit tha urch be a zent,
 If et be ur et bant ha'ull nivir repaint.
 Bit tis draeing aun time vir ta moove vrim me zait,
 Zo I wish thur gude craps bothe a tetteys an wait.
 I be wangery now an beginning ta jogg
 An veels wapper-hyd. Vrim yer brither,

N. Hogg.

Jan Moody's Letter pin tha Crimpin War.

EXTER, *Hoctobur 8th*, 1856.

DEER JANNY,

In raidin tha *Exter Gizeet*
 I com'd pin a letter—tis right thee shet zeet,
 Vur yer naws Jan Moody, as I do mezul,
 (I've auff'ntimes gied'n zom lessins ta spul,)

An I'm glad vur ta zee be tha vollering rime,
Thit ha hath a bin makin zich use uv es time.
I'm in a gurt hurry—jist changing me togg,
Zo mist stap, vrim yer veckshinit brither,

N. HOGG.

KNASTONE, *Hoctobur* 1st, 1856.

MEASTER HAYDITUR,

ZUR,

I've a zot down ta drap
A vew lines, tho' I bant bit a labering chap,
Vur thares miny vrim this part agaun vur ta sar
(Tho' es dont vight merzul) in this turribul war,
An tha noos that com'th hom shaws ta wance at a vew,
Thit thay naws how ta shet an use bagganits too,
An if you kin hannel a gun, way laurd drab et!
A Rooshin's moar aisy to shet thin a rabbit;
Tho' es bant gid ta boast, es kin saffly declair,
Es kin knack down a vew, za wul's wan here an thare,
An if twadd'n vur this, thit es bant auver wul,
Es shude like vur to go out to Roosha merzul;
An if in thicky place bit wan voot es cude git,
I warn'ee I'd warm up the varmints a bit;
Bit tis no use ta tull about "wid if ha cude,"
Vur if aul dith tha zame thare'l be nort a tal dood.
A girt miny may think, cuz es lives in a place
Ware tha papers, an nuse, an zich things, be za skace,
Thit es naws nort a tal bout tha war thits gwain aun,
An daunt care a varden vur thay thit be gaun;

Bit I tull thur wat tis, Measter H., droo tha lan,
Et be velt mortal coot be tha poor tu a man ;—
As a proof then es went inta Exter wan day,
Vur ta by a vew things zich as cannels and tay,
An 'twis rap'd up'n paper : Es vound et ta state,
Thit a battel wis vault and tha Rooshins wis bate,
An tha day arter that, William Vlint wen ta town,
An com'd hom way tha ribbins aul vlying aroun ;
A chap ax'd 'n ta drink wance, ha zed a wis wulling,
An gied en a coin what ha cal'd tha Queen shulling,
An es thort ta merzul as ha tell'd et ta Roger,
Thit et didd'n take murch vur ta make wan a sodger.
Now yu zee tho es cant raid ur rite vury murch,
Thit es veels aul about et za wul as the urch !
Es it true wat thay zay, thit tha Rooshins makes nort,
Vur ta boil down tha English and Vrench ta mak mort ?
A chap tole mer zo tother day, an zed that
Thay ait nort in ta wordel zept cannels an vat,—
Laur a macy, pursarve es ! jist vancy Will Wannel
A boil down like a baist an turn'd into a cannel !
Bit tha rais'n I vrites, Measter H., is to say—
Ivry week I'm a gwain ta put drippence away,
Vur ta take in a paper, zo if yume incline,
Ta resaive et zometimes, I'll jist drap 'ee a line,
Vur et may be as how es be able to shaw
A vew thing thit yer readers daunt happen ta naw,
If yu think et weth while, yu kin jist drap a wurd,
An I'll vrite thur immaydyet za glad as a burd ;
Way tha kendest rispeks, tho long I've a knewd 'ee,
I'll be yer most dootiful zarvant,

JAN MOODY.

Tha Milshy.*PLIMMITH ZITADIL,† *Thesdy nite.*

DEER JAN,

I zit mer doun to zay,
 Thit wat I tole thur tother day
 Tun'th out ta be kurrek;
 A Tuesdy nex (tha auder's com)
 Us laives; zo then ta zee mer hom
 (If Bets 'll† let mer go herevrom),
 Thee mayst uv kuse expek.

Bit vath! tha maid hur tak'th on zo,
 I dunnaw if I shill ur no,
 Laive Plimmith thick same nite;
 Besaides, the money'th urn'd za zshort—
 (Jist wan an eight—a figger a nort—
 And nat a single skiddik bort)
 Zo Bets mist mak et right.

* The above poem originally appeared under the title, "The Drawing-room, the Kitchen, and the Barracks."

† Nathan's patriotic sentiments, as well as his versatility of talent, are so well known to his friends, that they will hardly be surprised to find he has devoted himself to the service of his country.

‡ Poor Zogg, to whom a tender epistle, doing equal credit to Nathan's head and heart, will be found among his published letters, expired previous to 1847, through an over consumption of green gooseberries. It is a matter of duty to allude to this affecting circumstance, in order to show that Nathan's second engagement did not take place until after years of sorrow for his early love.

Deer Jan, I'm sorry to me hart
 Vrim zodgerin again to part,
 An go back drashing Caurn ;
 Bezaides, the clothes be murch more vine—
 I'm zshorely made ta cut a shine—
 I'll join some Urdgmint in tha line,
 Za zshore as I be baurn.

Laur! if you uny cude bit zee
 Tha vlink thits cuts be Bets an me
 Wen us go'th out to wahlk ;
 Civillins stare way all thare hyes,
 An as es cut'th out droo Mount Wise,
 (We two be purty murch wan size)
 'Tis good ta hear min tahlk.

Tha maidens here be jillis, vath!
 An hollith arter's in tha path—
 Wan zeth " hullaw me buck!
 You 've got a hansom craiter now,
 Hur vlap'th hur tail like our ole zow ;
 An riggl'th like a Kursmis cow
 An waddl'th like a duck!"

" Bit nivir mine," zes I ta Bets—
 " No, Jan," zeth her, " sich highnint sets
 Thay wishes thay wis me!"
 Zo aun es go'th—vur no wan wait—
 An tridges droo strait arter strait
 (Till Bets her dith git vairly bait),
 Za big as iny dree.

Us rests a bit, an then go'th vore,
An then I zee'th her hom ta door—
 Zom times es go'th in houze ;
Bit tidd'n auff'n es dith that,
Tha playshir idd'n weth a grat—
Thay'd hear tha purdlin uv a cat,
 Or squailing uv a mouze.

I niver shal vurgit, wan nite
Bets thort that every thing wis rite
 An thit tha voks wis out ;
Zo vrim tha kitchen then es tares,
An on es went up auver stairs
Ta zee tha rooms (zich grand affairs),
 An rammeld aul about.

Bim bye es com'd into a room—
(Zich tiddivation an perfoom—
 Aw! how et made mer stare!)
Bit laur! es zoon com'd to a stap,
I railly thort I must a drap,
Vur thare was Missus in a nap,
 Jist in tha haisy chair.

“My hyes!” zes I es back es shet—
“Aw laur a macy!” zing'd out Bet—
 “Whose thare?” tha Misses zed ;
“O plaize Mum—me,” an in Bets went
(I winder that hur didd'n vent),
Zes hur, “plaize Mum I uny ment
 To ax if you'm vur bed.”

Mainwhile I crapp'd out uv tha please—
(Aw! if you had bit zeed me veace—

I wis in zich a stid);

Zo vrighten'd I've a niver bin,
I daunt think wen I zays'd ta rin,
That if you'd stik'd me way a pin
I raily shude a blid.

Wen ax'd inside (moast times) I zay
"I hant vurgot tha tother day—

Tha vright in wich I stood; "

'Pin times I take a drap of beer
Wi jist a curst, bit theres zich veer,
Et makes mer veel za mortal queer,
An dith more harm thin good.

Bit dang et aul! I'm riting aun
Till aul tha paper's moast agaun,

An cannel jist burn'd out;

I doant think I kin keep'n in,
Bit praps by striking in a pin—
Iss! that'll do—zo I'll begin
An vinish wat I'm bout.

No vath I cant, the cannel's val'd,
An trying to mak'n burn I've scald

Two vingers an a thum;

Ta scraly in tha dark es vain,
Bit Tuesday next I'll write again,
Vur then I shant be in zich pain,
Nur bothe me legs be num!

NATHAN HOGG.

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Oh Emily dear, I sit me down,
Tho' I can hardly see;
My eyes and heart are drooping with
That dreadful thing—*ennui*;
What shall I do—oh dear, oh dear—
Whatever shall (!) I do—
I'll try to while an hour away
By writing, love, to you!

Well, first of all, I must premise
(How do I live to tell
The tale) we've lost our gallant beaux,
Whom all have loved so well;
The gallant Devons they have gone—
To private life have fled;
Their military sun is set—
Deep gloom is overspread.

Excuse this sad funereal strain—
Their shadows 'tis that flit
Around my heart, oh Emily dear,
And haunt me where I sit,—
Aye, as I sit, or walk, or play,
They still come floating in,
O'erhanging all with sombre hue
That all so bright hath been.

Where is the glad, familiar face
One daily used to greet—
Now on the Hoe, then at the Ball,
And ever in the street?
You recollect your favorite,
The handsome Captain B——?
Well, he has gone, and so as well
Has that dear Captain C——?

That thrilling voice I loved to hear
At Theatre and Ball,
That fell so sweetly on the ear
As song at even-fall.
Is still and hush'd—is heard no more—
(At least is hush'd to me,)
Oh Emily dear—oh Emily love—
That dear, dear Captain C——!

Poor Fanny too—unhappy girl—
Her sand of joy is run,
She droopeth like a gentle flow'r
That pineth for the sun.
I seek to rally the dear girl,
And try each soft caress;
But no (altho' he is not far,)
She weeps for Captain S——.

But let me not distract your heart,
For you, dear girl, have known
The deep abiding joy that was
Around their presence thrown.

Oh, could I, sweet beloved friend,
Upon your bosom creep—
I *cannot* write—no, Emily, love,
I'm better fit to weep.

I feel, since they have left our halls,
As if all joy were fled ;
Our streets seem barren, and more like
A City of the Dead.
Oh, little knew they, when they left,
The spirits sad and true
That wish'd they could have (angel like !)
Been disembodied too.

HENRIETTA.

THE KITCHEN.

Good bye, dear Tummas ! once again—
Oh, claps me to yer heart ;
My heyes is drippin like a joint
To think that we must part ;
And must I never hear you more
Pool hat the hairy Bell ?
You'll never git a Kitchen more,
Like this—oh, fare you well !

Where will you get the little tits
That sarv'd for brekses mail ;
The bits of sugar and the tay,
The mutton, pork and vail ;

Where will you git the roastin fat—
Sick perkisits to sell?—
You'll never git the likes again—
Dear Tummas, fare you well!

Oh, could my hart but epen now,
And you could look inside;
And see the fire that's burnin there—
That hart is almost fried.
Not my young missus who'th a fall'd
In love way Ensyn L——
Lovs haf so true as I hav lov'd—
Oh, Tummas, fare you well!

Oh Tummas, dear, the more I look
On you—my heart gits fuller,
You beats, as young Miss Hemly ses,—
“That duck, that Cappen B——.”
You have not got that Mustashoo
She ses so graceful curls—
Dear Tummas, if you had, I could
Not kiss you—no, for worls!

Oh, Tummas, 'tis a shame that he
Who'th sarv'd the Queen like you,
Should go back into private life
Wayout a single screw.
But never mind—here's three-an-nine,
Thet to my lot hath fell—
'Twill pay the train to Exeter,
Dear Tummas, fare you well!

But oh, my hart is breaking now,
 Jist like poor Alice Gray;
 Like her I feels I cannot live
 When you am far away,
 Oh, when you walks behind the *plow*,
 Once more in fustin drest,
 Dear Tummas do remimber then,
 The *furra's* in my brest.

SALLY SPIT.

Tha Rifle Corps.

EXTER, *June 26th*, 1859.

DEER JAN,

Et be zed thit as zshore as a gun,
 When tha King uv tha Vrench way tha Astrins ith dun,
 Ha'll be boun ver ta keep aul es sawjers astur,
 An in awder ta do et muss kom auver yur;
 Now aul I kin zay, if ha *wull*, let'n kom,
 Et strik'th me ha'll vury zoon wish ha wis hom.
 Bit en kase ha shude do zo may be yu've a yerd
 Thit tha Quene ith gied awders an zent roun tha wurd,
 Thit Corpses uv Rifles be vorm'd droo tha lan,
 An Exter 'th bin ax'd way tha rest to bare han.
 Tha old zitty wis niver naw'd eet vur ta shurk,
 An twis thort et wis best to at wance zit ta wurk.
 Zo thay did, an deer Jan, I be vury murch plais'd,
 Vur to zay thit a Corpse uv up aighty be rais'd;
 Tho' wy thay be cal'd zich a name, I can't tul,
 An I think et ith puzzled miny mour then mezul;

Bit et dith zim ta me mortal quare, as-I've zaid,
Ta cal min aul Corpses avaur thay be daid.
I ax'd up ta Castle a chap stannin bye,
An ha zed 'twis becuz thit thay'd vight till thay die ;
Bit laur arter aul there beant murch in a name,
An wativer yu cal min thay'll vight jist tha zame.
Wul I went up last Mundy ta zee, if I cude,
Tha vust zort uv hexercise-like thit wis dood ;
I thort I wis late, but I gied a gude rin,
An kom'd jist in time vur ta zee min begin.
Thare wis ole men, an yung men, an zom awmin lads,
I shude think about aighty, sar'd out in dree squads ;
An a sargent, ur wat a wass, passeld ta aich,—
Praps tha vewer thare be, tha moor aisy ta taich.
Deer Jan, yu hant niver zeed zawjers ta drull,
Zo I'll gie thur a hinsite intoot if yu wull.
Now tha vust thing I yer'd tha kimmander a callin,
Wis vur aul awmin thare vur ta turn ta an " val in ; "
An zes I ta mezul zee how things kom about,
Thare'd no need ta val in, if voolz didn't val out.
Wul tha nex thing thay dood wis ta holler out " Dress ! "
Hullop ! to mezul vur zoftly I zess,
An I thort I shude railly a laff'd mezul hose,
Vur I vancid thay aul wis vur changin thare close,
Eet I thort to mezul as I look'd aul about,
Thay mit jist as wul dood et avaur thay kom'd out ;
I made a mistake, zo et zim'd, bit no hurt,
Wat thay main'd wis ta vetch up a little bit zmurt.
Then thay cal'd out " Attenshin ! " maining *Hark wat I say—*
" Stand at aise ! "—daunt 'ee put yersul out a tha way ;
An wen thay'd a put min droo a vorm ur tu moar,
They zess " As you was," wich es *Stan like bevaur ;*
Wul then twis " Left Vace "—and " Right Vace " arter that,

Jist as if thit two vaces wis under wan hat ;
Arter that " Right about," an I thort zo, thinks I,
That's tha moove us'll taich Measter Vrenchy bim bye,
Wull then tha went ballancin tap a wan voot,
Twis a winder ta me how tha dooce thay cud doot ;
I tried et mezul wen I got hom thic night,
But zom how or tother I cud'n doot vright—
I spose I shuv'd wan a me veet too var out,
Vur I val'd an resayv'd a moast turrabul clout ;
Thay cals et tha " Goose stap " vur a bit uv a meg,
Cuz thic bird es za clivir ta stan pin wan leg.
Then twis slow time, an quick time, an quick march an zlow ;
" March in vile," wich in kuse yu cant possabul naw ;
Wull I'll tull'ee—tis walkin wan arter another,
Za close thit wan leg git'th inzide a tha tother,
How thay dood et za wull, I cant vury wull zay,
Bit tha tother chaps hoofs wid be murch in me way.
Wull, then thay had aup'n an close viling too,
And a girt many anticks no use ta vrite you,
Bit I yerd a ole sawjer whose able ta tull,
Zay thay did thare minoovers moast cabical wull.
Bit want min veel prowld, wen bim bye thay be let,
Ta hav powder an bal, an be tole vur ta —" Shet ! "
Bit talkin a shettin, I've yerd et a told,
Tis wan tha moast winderful zights ta behold ;
An thit if a mile auff pin a geat yu shude zit,
Thay kin nack thur, 'tis zed, down za daid as a nit,
In vack, I'm a tole, if a chap cude be zeed,
Wan cude stan pin Ex Bride, an hat'n down out ta Ide ;
An vurder thin that, a chap zed thay cude shet,
Roun a corner be shakin tha trigger a bit ;
An that wance an ole dumman, droo Kenton did pass,
An was hat be a chap thit vired straight ta Starcrass.

If that be tha case, tho' I zim twis es chaff,
Ta me it zims dahngerous (vath) ta be saff.
What a differns, deer Jan, wen es used ta go out,
An up in dree akers git shettin about ;
Wat a differns, I zay, in tha guns thi'ts made now—
Way ours wis good viring to shet crass tha mow ;
As vur veefty yards auff, or vorty, laur drab et !
Yu mit teake a moas tender varwull uv a rabbit.
Laur Jan ! how I *be* urning aun ta be zshore,
I've a vill'd up me paper, an' can't vrite no moar—
Ees I kin (else I cud'n a vinish'd a tal)—
A vew lines pin tha endilope praps I kin scral ;
Vury vew it muss be tho, an now me deer Jan,
Yu zee wat thay'm doing aul droo out tha lan.
Now uv kuse aul tha kripples, an blind, an like thet,
They cant be expected ta march ur ta shet ;
Bit thay who kin 'vord it, I think shude be boun,
If thay cant do nort else, ta come out way thare poun.
Et kausts iv'ry wan awm, vury close, dree poun ten,
Wich kant be avorded be miny yung men.
If ole voks git purtected an sav'd aul tha trubble,
If thay can, thay should aul awmin vork out es dubble,
I menshun this yer, aul I zay es "zo be et,"
I kin uny zay vurder, I haup I shill zee et.
Ta vrite thur zom moar I shude ha no objectshin,
Bit I shant ha no rume vur ta vrite tha direckshin,
An me vinger's jist like tha hind leg uv a dogg—
Crook'd up way tha cramp. Vrim yer brither,

N. Hogg.

Tha Old Humman way tha Ard Cloke;

UR

Tha Evil Eye.

A WITCH STORY.

Et wis Kursmis Eve, how et znaw'd ta be zure !
An tha win wissel'd droo tha kayhaul uv tha door,
Wen Varmer Jan Vaggis, an Vrends, wis a zot
A zmoakin thare backy, an zoopin thare pot ;
Aul wis silent wayout, 'zept tha noys uv tha trees,
An tha znaw, in zom pairts, wis up auver yer nees,
Wile a quack ur a grint mit be yer'd droo tha zleet,
'Z if tha ducks an tha pigs ad got cole in thare veet :
Bit nat zo way Jas Vaggis—es darter Mariar
Ad a shuv'd tha ash-vacket pin tap uv tha viar,
An wat way tha zmal stiks za wul as tha blocks,
Et raich'd ta tha crook ware thay hang up tha crocks.
Thare thay zot, an tha blaze thit shet out vrim tha sticks,
Play'd an vlicker'd like zinlight pin tap uv thare chik's,
An Will Stump, who'd a inklin vur kuartin tha darter,
Look'd an zimper'd an drade up es eyes quite therearter,
While hur, that is wile in wan place hur'd remain,
Drade sheeps-eyes ta he vore an backurd agane,

Wul tha licker went roun, an thay hadd'n zot long,
Wen Jan Vaggis cal'd out pin Rab Vinch vur a zong,
Zo ha kauff'd wance ur twice an then pitch'd auff tha kay
An vur bout haf a nower wiz toonin away,
Til tha hood znap'd an crack'ld an sparks shet aroun,
An wan awmin drap'd pin Jin Vaggis's gown;
Now et wadd'n obsarv'd till et burn'd nearly droo
Nat uny hur gown bit her undercoat too,
An ole Jinny wis zidd'n stap'd zshort in hur laf,
Wen hur voun thare wis zummat scal hot to hur caf.
My hivers! hur zot too an holler'd an skritch'd,
An Jan Vaggis zing'd out—"Laur a macy! hurs witch'd,"
Zo es thort twis tha case, as hur jump'd aul about,
Till hur holler'd out "Viar! Aw, stifle et out!"
An away urn'd Tam Chidley, Urch Mugvurd, Rab Vinch,
Vur ta bring in zom wotter, tha burnin ta quinch;
Bit Jan an Mariar (tho' thay wadd'n long 'bout et)
Way tha ale in tha kwart, ad a manijed ta doubt et;
An Jinny ta last wis a got auff aul saf
That, uv kuse, es exeptin tha scal in hur caf:—
Wat a macy et was tho, as ivry wan zeth,
Thit tha old humman wadd'n a skaldid ta deth!
Wul thay zot roun agane, an thay vill'd up tha kwarts,
An tha yet an tha drink zim'd ta warm up thare harts—
Aul exeptin Jan Vaggis, who zot back behind,
As if ha'd got zummit pin tap uv es mind;
Till Mariar zeth—"Vather! way why do'ee zit
Za var back? way et dith'n look zoshil abit!"
Then Jan Vaggis zot vorid, saying "Harkee ta me!
I kinless thit zomhow cruel narvis I be,
An when Moather thare holler'd, twis exzack like a skritch
I wance yer'd vrim a Humman they zed wis a Witch;
Now I cant zay hur iver dood me iny harm,

Bit I naw zom pin wom hur wance work'd out hur charm,
Zo if you'll be quiet—let's drink drap a ale—
I'll try ta raymimber zom pairts uv tha tale.”
Arter drinkin an dra-ing es zleeve wance acrass
Es mowth, ta es Missus tha licker ha pass,
Then ha took up es pipe, an ha kauff'd auff tha hoce,
An zeth Varmer Jan Vaggis—“ Wull hark'n now, zo's ”
An wen thit ha zeed es had pass'd roun tha cup,
Ha begun'd jist as vollers, es tale ta tull up :—

JAN VAGGIS'S TALE.

Zom yurs ago, I need'n stap
Ta tull tha wen, ole Nanny Tap
Liv'd out ta Baw, a mortal plat
Vur witches an tha likes a that.
Now, auver this old humman's haid
A hundred yurs ad pass'd, twis zaid ;
Ta zee hur, iny wan wid zim
Hur was za old's Methusalim.
Now Nanny Tap wis cruel pairt,
An aw ! hur dress—I've zeed hur wair't—
Likewise hur looks an kooryis ways,
Wis like wat 'twas in oulden days :—
Hur cloke was urd, hur bunnet black,
Way hood aul urnin down hur back,
An then hur kar'd a humberul
Wid cover aight besides hurzul ;
As vur tha hannel uv tha stick,
Twis sharper thin a aigles bick,
An Nanny's nauze an hannel too
Look'd redy vur ta urn thur droo.

Bit talk uv vaityers, aw my laur !
Yu niver zeed zich veace aaur ;
Et was za long, and yellor too,
Way rinkels urnin rite down droo,
As if a picksy way es plow
Had took et vur a barley mow,
An work'd et too'n avore, agin
Ha com'd ta zaw tha barly in ;
An aul tha pitmarks in hur chaps
Zim'd like tha picksy's hosses' staps.
An then hur ad a Evil eye,
Thit if pin wan hur did let vly
A zingle glimpse, ha cud'n stan,
An zshore ta be a rooin'd man,
An day by day ta meet way harm,
Wayout her took'd away tha charm.
Hur eye wis green, jist like a cat,
And glimmer'd like—I dunnaw wat,
Bit when hur haupen'd min ta vew
Ha zim'd ta shet thur droo an droo,
An tap an toe yude veel a stitch
Thit cud'n com 'zept vrom a witch.
Wul if yude go into hur room
Laur jay ! yu niver wat perfoom !
Aul roun tha wals, pin tap a barbs,
Yude zee bags arter bags uv harbs
Thit Nanny used ta boil an stew,
Thereway hur witchin things ta doo.
Zom times hur'd doo a vrendly deed
Ta zom poor vokes in time a need,
But if yude put hur out thay way
Yu wid be zshore ta rue tha day,—
Ur if yu cude and wadd'n wullin

Ta gie hur, when hur ax'd, a shulling ;
But as hur cude doo bad an gude
I'll tull thur zom hur hath a dood.
Now if thee'dst got a prickle in
Thee leg, a inch vrim auf tha skin,
Hur'd murch en down an zay a prare,
An then thee wiss'n ha min thare ;
Ur if pin tap a thorn yu zot,
An in tha vleshy pairt ha got,
Bevaur hur zed drie wurdz yu voun
Tha varmint craypin zlowly down ;
Ur zay thit yude a got a vit—
Jist gie ole Nan a dripmy bit,
Hur'd put'n tap hur eye an zay
"I zee tha *trubble* gwain away,"
An zshores a gun, away ha'd vly
Like vapper droo a zummer sky.
Bit Laur a macy pin tha chap
Thit wid ofvend ole Nanny Tap!
Hur'd trubbl'n in tha daid a nite
Way stitch an cramp, an zore avright,
An wen ha'd strik a match zom wan
Wid zim ta hat'n vrom es han ;
Ur if ha'd got tha cannel in
Zummat wid blaw min out agin ;
An then hur'd pinch tha zsheap an cows,
And make min turn about tha mows,
An niver wance wid let min stap
Till way furtig irt down thay'd drap ;
An then hur'd kar aun purty rigs
Among tha vowls an ducks an pigs ;—
Vur hinstins, hur wid dra a lite
Upon tha roost at daid a night,

An make tha cocks believe therevrom
Thit stid a nite, Cockleert wis com,
An thare thay'd zit, an tuck an craw,
Till thay ad skace got breth to draw ;
An wen tha ducks a brood wis zot,
Hur'd make tha eggs za mortal hot,
Thit down thay'd squat an niver vail,
Pore crayturs, vur ta scal thare tail ;
And then tha litt'l pigs wid zook,
An twinjy in tha jaws wis took,
An then pore things thay'd vume an vret,
An bite rite droo tha ole zow's tet,
Till hur, pore thing, wid git za zore,
As nat ta let min zook no moar,
Zo thit, poor cayturs, down thay'd lie,
Git thin, an pine irt auff an die.
Zomtimes hur'd ha zom other ways,
An make tha beddin zwarm way vlays,
Thit wid tha litt'l childern bite
An make min bal an squal aul nite ;
Zomtimes hur'd make tha pudd'n dance,
An zomtimes vrom tha crock ha'd prance,
An wen ta git min back thay'd strive
Ha'd kik an pool, as if alive.
Wul then hur'd tu tha ziller stray,
An let tha zyder urn away,
Bit, stranger still, if yude bit taste
Tha licker thit ad urn'd ta waste,
'Twis waik as wotter—when hur'd titch'd
Tha licker ivry drap wis witch'd ;
Zom zed tha zyder wis a took,
Ta gie hur sweetheart, be tha cook,
And jist ta make as if urn'd out

Hur'd drade zom watter aul about ;
Bit twadd'n zo, vur ivry day
Twis proov'd tha Missus keep'd tha kay.
Bit Laur ! I hant a tole thur haf,
A zom tha things wid make thur laf ;
Vur hinstins, wan ole cat'd a got
Up veefty kittens in a lot.
An in tha nite wen thay wis drown
Tha awful'st squal wis yer aroun
Tha houze, an out in mucks and dirt
Urn'd Dan'l Bittle in es shirt,
Wen lo tha veefty cats he zaw
Way skins za whit as draivin znaw,
Zo in ha urn'd an shet tha door
An did'n look, thic nite, no moar ;
An ivry nite, up vule a week,
Thay'd com an dance an squail an squeak ;
Ta last ha went ta Nanny Tap,
An drawd a shullin in hur lap,
(Th' old humman niver was the wan
Ta take tha munny in hur han)
An arter that tha squals did zayce,
An Dan'l Bittle zlayp'd 'n payce.
Bit thaize be little things compeard
Way thicky tale you ant a yeard.
Bit vust uv aul, Jan Vaggis zeth,
Less stap a minnit an vetch breth ;
I'm dry, just chucked—a drap a ale,
I'll then purseed ta tul me tale.

Now havin drink'd and vetch'd es wind
Ha gied a kauff an thus begin'd :—
Wan Varmer Plant, I nawd'n wul,
An yer'd tha vury lips awn tul

Tha tale thit naw I tul ta yu,
An wat ha zed I naw wis tru.
A longful time this Nanny Tap
Wis cauzin hee zom zore mishap,
An pin tha Varm, be day nur nite,
No zingle thing wil go aun vright.
Wan day ha yerd thit hur wis zick—
Zo bad hur cud'n live a wick—
An ha'd a yerd thit if ha did,
Avaurl hur dide, jist let hur blid,
If twas uny way a pin,
Hur cudd'n trubble min agin.
Wul auf ha went ta Nanny's houze,
An up ha stalk'd za zofts a mouze,
Then in ha went ta ware hur lay,
An zed ha'd brort a litt'l tay—
Tha quantity wis rayther zmal—
Ha hup'd hur'd live ta drink et al.
Ole Nanny look'd—twas aul hur zed—
An haup'd hur mowth an drade hur haid,
An then hur hold'n out hur han—
Ha auf ta took et like a man!—
Instid uv wich ha took'd tha pin
An quick as litnin shet'n in.
My hivers ; up th' old humman zot
An shet out glimpses, viery hot,
An when hur voun hur cud'n raich,
Hur manijed ta vetch back her spaich ;—
Hur zwared thit if hur pass'd hur dore
Alive, ha shude naw payce no more,
An, if hur dide, hur wid com back
An make tha boans awn cramp an crack ;
Hur'd rat es sheep, hur'd milk es cows,

Hur'd turn things up'ndown in's houze,
Hur'd scare es pigs, es ducks, and vowlz
Hur'd gie es zmal birds ta tha owls—
In vack hur'd doo min ivry harm ;
Ha shuden prosper tap es varm.
An then hur gied tha awfulst cuss,
Ole Nick es zul cude zed no wuss.
Wul varmer Plant ha veelid, tho,
As if ha'd gie tha word'l ta go,
Bit no, ha cud'n budge a stap,
An veel'd as tho ha must a drap,
Vur till ole Nan ad din her 'buse
Hur took gude care ta witch es shoes ;
Bit aul ta wance hur gied a quirk,
An then tha charm ad zaysed ta work,—
Hur rap'd hurzul up in hur cloke
An nat another wurd hur spauk.
Wul varmer Plant, direck ha voun
Es shoes let go, jist gied a boun,
An out a doors ha then did rin
Avaurl cude zay Jack Rabinsin,*
An hom ha went an niver stap'd
Wile down es veace, tha zwet et drap'd
Za big es pays, til down ha zot
An way es Misses cozey got,
Who drade hur harms es neck aroun
An humman like zune camd'n down ;
An havin drade a joog a ale
Hur got th' ole man ta tul tha tale ;—
Way thick me vrends I need'n pair

* A mythical personage, supposed to be distantly related to
"Miles' Boy."

Cuz es hav tole min wance avaur ;
Zuffice et thit zune arter this
Ole Nanny graw'd a girt dail wis,
An vury zune gied up and dide,
Being burry'd be hur ole man's zide.
Thare's wan thing now—I'm vaur me tale—
(Jan Vaggis took'd a zoop a ale,
An havin shet a glimpse aroun
Ha let es voice drap zoffly down
Ta zich a crewel quiet pitch)—
Thare's wan thing shaw'd hur was a witch ;
Thic Old Urd Cloke, hur used ta ware,
That nite hur dide wis tap tha chare,
An tho tha winders an tha dore
Wis shet up tight, hur com'd ees zshore !
An Cherry Hares, zune arter wan,
Went down tha vullidge vur hur man,
Wen way a w-z-z-z, a strake a urd
Rish'd by hur nauze, za vleet's a burd,
An leff behind et zich a zmul,
Hur wad'n vur zom time hurzul.
Ees zoce an zshores a gun HURD COM
Thic nite ta kar hur Urd Cloke HOM.
(As Jan zed this es voyce did val
An zend a shidder droo min al).
Wul then zeth he ta cut et zshort
(Vur I raymimber moar'n I thort),
Dree months ur moar away id pass'd,
An varmer Plant ha thort ta last,
An too es nayburs gin ta tul,
Ha'd zettled ole Nan purty wul ;
Bit Laur a macy ! twadd'n long
Avaur ha voun thit ha wis vrong.

Wan nite ha adbeen out ta spend
 A hour ur two jist way a vrend,—
 Tis tru a drap a groog ha'd ad,
 Bit eet a wadd'n auver bad,
 Ur else et mit be zed as how
 Ha did'n zee nort in tha mow.
 Wul aun ha went a little wile,
 An zune got past tha zekond stile,
 (I shude a zed thit droo tha mows
 Wis girt dail nearer to es howze),
 Wen aul ta wance, aw Laur! ha zaw
 Tha hosses urning to an vraw;
 Thare yers wis prick'd, thare tails across,
 Tha sheep wis rollin in tha grass,
 Bit wat made Jan tha moast avraid
 Wis wan cow stannin tap hur haid,
 Wile, lite as vethers, tap tha groun
 Zix pigs wis dancin aul aroun.
 (Here Rabin Vinch whose haid ad zunk
 Look up an zeth—" Bit *wadd'n* ha drunk? "
 Bit varmer Vaggis tap es stool
 Jist turn'd es haid, an zed, " Yu voool! !"—
 Ha vury quickly zettled hee
 An sard'n as ha auf'ta be.*)
 Wul—Vaggis zeth—as aun ha scral'd,
 Irt auver zummat zart ha val'd,
 An up ha got an ruckeyd down
 Ta zee wat twas pin tap tha groun,

* This insinuation deserved to be scouted. The probability of the circumstance, and the improbability of Farmer Plant seeing at any rate more than double, should have convinced the most obtuse.

Wen thare hur lide, a pin me wurd—
Ole Nan rap'd in hur Cloke a Urd.
Wul varmer Plant I've yerd'n zay,
Wis gally'd zo, ta urn away
Ha cud'n ; an as ta jump a yurdle,
Ha cud'n do et vur tha wurdle,
Bit zshortly, in tha dimpse a nite,
Ha zeed tha vigger zit uprite,
Wen aul ta wance ha voun es veet,
An then no race-hoss was za vleet ;—
Aun, aun, ha urn'd, bang auver stiles,
An vancied thit es houze wiz miles,
An way tha vleetness uv es peace
Tha zwet wis streemin doun es veace,
An aun ha went an niver stap'd
Till hom ha com'd, wen doun a drap'd,
An in a vit vur how'rs ha lide
Thit aul awm thort ha must ha dide.
Thay rubd'n up an rubd'n doun,
An hang'd es haid tawards tha groun,
In auder thit tha blid et mit
Rin vrim es haid up droo es veet ;
They rub'd es bully an es back,
An then thay'd gie es nauze a wack,
Ur siddenly thay'd make en stoop,
An gie min jist a wisterpoop—
Bit no, in spite uv aul cude doo,
Thay cud'n bring tha ole man too :
Wen aul ulse vail'd thay mooved tha sheet,
An way a strawmaut tick'ld es veet,
Wen aul ta wanct ha skritch'h out " stap !
Aw law hurs com'd—tis ole Nan Tap ! "
An then ha gied zich dredvul groans,

Moast loud anuf ta rise tha stoans—
Ees! louder var than ole Zam Gully
Wen wance tha gooseburry's grip'd es bully.
Wul wen thay zed hur wadd'n thare,
An zmooth'd es veace, an much'd es hair—
Ha haup'd es eyes, an then ha told
Tha vrightvul zight ha had behold;
An zed thit twas aul up way hee
An payce ha niver moar shude zee.

Bit here et mit be right to stap,
An zay as how a zaujer chap
Pass'd droo tha vullidge, in tha day,
An zom wis vools anuf ta zay
Thit ha got drunk tha night bevaur,
An thit thay'd bet a aiven skaur
Thit, drunk, into tha mow ha scral'd,
An auver hee, twas, Jan Plant val'd;
An zed, ta make thair tale aul rite,
Ha zed ha'd zleep'd thare aul thic nite;—
Thit twadd'n zo wis proov'd doun vlat
Be wat took place zune arter that.

Jan Vaggis stap'd to vetch es breath,
Wich havin dood, as vollers zeth:—
Wul, zshore anuf, a Vridy morn,
(This wis a Thesdy) aul vurlorn,
Up com tha maid, in zic a vright,
Ta zay thit jist avaur twis light,
Hur went tha butter vur ta churn,
Bit nat a hinch tha thing wid turn;
Hur drade an shuv'd, both vore an back,

Bit no ! tha thing ha widd'n zlack,
An as hur went ta turn about,
A wiff blow'd zlap tha cannell out :
Hur manijed, in a awful vricht,
Ta grope aul aup tha zeckond vlight,
An as hur pass'd tha vowerth stair
Hur zaid hur yer'd tha wurd, " beware ! "
Wul vath tha maid ad harly din,
Avaur Will Vlint com vustlin in
Ta zay (with zich a thindrin rap),
Tha hosses wid'n moove a stap ;
Ha'd tride be kik, an jit, an nudge,
Bit nat a zingle wan wid budge,
An wen ha zed " wat want'ee go ? "
Ha zward tha whit hoss hanser'd " no ! "
Zo arter that nat wan ha tich'd,
Being zartin thit thay aul wis witch'd.
Wul droo tha day—ees I'll be shot !—
Tha later twas tha wiss et got,
An vaur tha nite ole Nanny's charm
Wis wurkin ivry pairt tha varm,
An zoon tha stock kar'd aun thare vlings
Be dooin moast unnate-ril things ;
Vur hinstins dree wole broods a chicks—
I think in aul up twenty zix—
Irt bang into tha milpond chucks,
An raily thort thit thay wis ducks,
An zeb'n ur aight wis uny vound
Out uv tha lot, the rest wis drown'd ;
Tha ole mare drauv hur colt away
An let tha cav zook haf the day
Wile auf tha colt wid urn an draw
Hiszul rite in tha tetty traw,

As if ha thort thare was a chance
Ta end es trubbles aul ta wance.
Wan day tha dog jist gied a kauff
An to tha stump, es tail bite auff ;
As vur tha cat up stairs hur'd gaun
An put tha yung cheel's nightcap aun,
An bout a vortnit arter that
Ad kittens in ole Jan Plant's hat,—
Aw macy me ! ta zit an tul
Wan haf yude be beside yerzul.
Bit jist ta zum up aul tha lot—
Tha pigs pin tap tha ducks eggs zot,
Wile thay, pore things, away wid vly
And make thare kwarters in tha sty ;
Tha hosses widd'n zaw nur plow ;
Cud git no zense vrim cav nur cow ;
Tha mill wid stap way aul es mite,
Tho' aul the wotter urn'd aun rite ;
Tha Jackasses aul uv a heep,
Wid zing out awful in thare zleep—
In vack nat wan escap'd tha charm
Thit wurk'd upon Jan Plântés varm.
Wul this went aun, ees vath et did !
Till cud'n be stood be vlesh an blid ;
Nite arter nite, day arter day,
Tha things wid pine, vur weeks away,
An aut thit vamer Jan wid try
Zim'd bit ta make min vaster die.
Outside ha'd hang a hosses shoe
Wich in moast cases zshore ta do,
Bit no ! hur did'n care a rap,
Et cud'n scare ole Nanny Tap,
An then ha'd got a bulliks hart,

An shuv into tha tender part,
A lot a pins—twis niver naw'd
Ta vail avaur—twis munny draw'd
I'rt bang away, vur nat a rap
Vur bulliks harts cared Nanny Tap!
Wul arter tryin aul ha cude,
An nothing thit ha'd din ad dude
Wan day ha zed unto es wive—
"Et zims thit es shall niver thrive,
Wat in tha word'l kin es doo,
I cant tul ort, now Bets kin you?"
Then up hur spauk—zeth hur "wul Jan!
I hav a yerd thit thares a man,
A whit-witch cal'd, in Exter Toun,
An if you gie min bit a crown,
Ha'l tull thur how, ha es za chiver,
Ta draive ole Nanny Tap vur iver."
Zeth he "then Bets, jist cal in Rob,
An tell'n ta wance to zaddle Bob—
I'll go, za zshore as my name's Jan,
An gie a crown ta thicky man."
Wul Rob wis reddy vury zune,
(Tha airly pairt uv tha vaurnoon)
Zo auff ha went, trat, trat, trat, trat,
Way mucks tha hoss's bully scat,
An vath ha took bit little while
A ridin in thic sixteen mile—
Vur Bob eszul wis awful titch'd,
An went jist like a hoss a witch'd.
When inta Exter ha'd a got
Ta maister Tuckitt's vore ha zot;
Ha ring'd tha bul, tha messidge zent,
Pool'd auff es hat, an in ha went,

An zeed a vuller in a room
Thit zim'd in zich a vret an vume !
Ha zed ha'd lost a cav and cow,
And com'd in thare ta naw as how,
Vur Measter T., at litt'l cost,
Had auff'n vound tha things ha'd lost ;—
An wat mit be (zo ax'd tha man)
Tha arrant thare uv Varmer Jan ?
Then up'n auff ha tole how hard,
Be ole Nan Tap, ha had bin sar'd,
An tole et aun till, vath ha zend
Tha vuller's hair rite up'n end,
An as Jan's kase wis murch tha wust.
Ha'd let min zee tha whit-witch vust.
Bim bye, close by, thare ring'd a bul,
A zarvant then com'd out ta tul
Tha witch wis reddy, in Jan gose,
Jist pool'd es hair, zed how do zo's,
When lo ! a vigger vore did stap—
Pin tap es haid a hairy cap ;
Es hair wis zich a cruel vright—
Twis zom aw't yellor, zom aw't white,—
An then tha cloke ha wared aroun
Wis black, an drappin ta tha groun,
In vack tha zight aun, et wis zich
Ta shaw et wance ha was a witch.
Wul suddenly ta Jan's alarm,
Tha whit-witch zes " I naw tha charm ! "
An zed, vaur Jan cude zay a wurd,
" 'Tis ole Nan Tap—tha Cloke a Urd ; "
Ha wink'd es eye—zed " Raw, ra, ree,*

* Mystical words understood only by those who have proved their efficacy.

I'll wurk a charm ta tackle she ;"—
 Aul Jan cude doo, in zich a stid,
 Wis valter out " ha haup'd ha wid."
 Wul aun thay talk'd a longful time
 Jan ad zom zyder—vath twis prime—
 An tho' tha whit-witch up'n told
 Moast ivry thing Jan ad behold.

Now yer et mit'n be out tha way,
 Ta menshin wat zom asses zay :
 Be nawnort voks et hath bin told,
 Thit thick thare chap thit Jan behold,
 Who zed es kase wis murch tha wust,
 An thit ha mit go in tha vust,
 Wis nothin moar'n tha witch's man,
 Put thare ta draw things out a Jan ;
 An thit twis bit a papern wal,
 Zo thit tha witch cud yer et al,
 An, wen Jan enter'd tother dore,
 Cude tul min aul ha'd naw'd avaur ;—
 Let children talk zich stuff ta school !—
 Dee think Jan Plant wis zich a vool ?—
 Yer Riar—'nother kwart a ale,
 An then less git back too tha tale.

Tha qwart wis brort, Jan vill'd es pipe,
 Zeth—when ha'd gied es nauze a wipe—
 Wul as I zed, they talk'd anour,
 An then tha timepeace warn'd vur vour ;
 Then vrom Jan Plant tha crown ha took'd

An gied zom things, like stoans thay look'd,
Tide in a bag ; zes he, now tek
An hitch min up aroun yer nek,
An zay this prare—" Depart, oh witch,
Likewise depart aul other zich "—
Then sprink som wotter vrim a bucket,
An zay, " I doot in name uv Tuckit ; "*
Bit, honest like, ha zed twis chance,
If ha cude draive Nan aul tu wance,
Bit if, bim by, Jan vree wis voun,
Ha widd'n, praps, mind another poun.
A pound, zed Jan, Way if thee'st drive
Hur clain rite auff, I'll gie thur vive !
Agreed zed he, jist gie's yer han
I'll bet I draive hur—vive ta wan :
A Zaterdag nite hurs zshore ta com,
Vur Zindays, mind, hur *must* stay hom,
Zo harken now an es shill zee
Wich es tha *girt* witch, hur ur me.
Ha tole min then, next Zaterdag nite,
Ta shuv up in tha chimly, tight,
A vacket a hood, ur aiv'n two
If thit ha voun wan widd'n do ;
An then ha was ta zay a prare
Zo as ta bring th'ole humman thare ;
Zes he be punkel—haf pas zix—
I'll put th'ole humman in a vix ;
I'll stay hom yer an work a charm—
Hur niver shill doo thur vunder harm.

* There is always a charm in simplicity of expression, and the present exorcism is only a greater proof of the white-witch's power.

Zo var zo good zes Vaggis I think
I'll wet tha wissel way drap a drink—
Zo ha had another zoop a ale,
Avaur kintinnying es tale.

Waree was I zo's? aw, now I zee
Tha pairting uv tha witch and hee!
Wul hom Jan went, an strange to zay,
A vew hours when ha'd gone away—
About tha time wen hee zot down
Way Measter T. in Exter toun—
Things mended hom and, tho nat rite,
Went purty vair til Zaterdag nite;—
Ha bit dree times wis cal'd ta scare,
Ole Nanny auff way zayin tha prare.
Wul 'bout tha hour tha whit-witch zed,
Tho too tha time ha look'd way dred,
Ha went ta kuart ta vetch tha hood,
Instid uv wich wats think ha dood?—
Way stid uv hood ha brot hom Vuz
An shuv'd et up tha chimly, cuz
Ha'd yer'd thit wayout boans ur skin
A witch cude veel tha prick'ls in;
An vurdermoar ha then did stik
Up droo, a sharp two-vorkid pick—
Thort he, "ole gal I've got thur now,
Za zshores tha tail pin my old zow."
Wul Jan Plant then begind ta pray,
An hadd'n got no moar'n haf way,
When lo! ha yerd a zort a rap
As if twis pin tha chimly tap,
An aul ta wance a awful voyce,

Ha yer'd, an makin zich a noyse !
Zes he " wul Bets—my eyes hurs com !
Poosh aup tha dore lets vlee herevrom,"
An vaur ha zed another wurd,
Scat bang down tap tha vuz ha yer'd
A hevy val, an zich a skritch
Thit uny cud com vrim a witch.
Wul auf ha urn'd, his wive urn'd too,
Out in tha kuart ta hid vrim vew,
Wen aul ta wance, out vrim tha dore,
Thay zeed a vigger urnin vore,
Way Cloke a Urd, an Eye a vlame,
An urning too moast cruel lame,
An as et went out droo, tha vowl
An ducks an pigs zot up zich howls ;—
Tha moar thay ball'd, wayout a turn,
Tha vaster did tha ole twad urn.
Zes Jan, " look Bets ! " " Ees ! Ees ! " hur zeth,
Jist hole yer bal, and bate yer breth,
Way, tho hur es a gone za vur,
I'll steak me davy et be hur !
Wul thare thay waited vule a nower,
Ta moove a stap thay skace had power,
Till Bets zeth " Jan ! " " Ees Bets ! " zeth he—
Shuv out yer han, lets veel where be !
I veel'n, " zeth hur ! " hurs out a zight
I think es mit go in aul rite.
Wul out went Jan, an arter'n Bet,
An as across the kuart thay shet,
Thay veel'd, ta use thare vury wurds,
Thare blid aul kurdled into kurds,"
Bit bothe awm still keep'd urning vore,
Till in thay got an shet tha dore ;

An then, aw laur ! way wat zurprise
Thay zeed tha zight thit meet thare eyes.
Thare wis tha vuz down tummil'd zlap—
Hur must a hat hurzul a wap !
As vur tha pick both vorks wis rid,
Aul bout tha taps way lots a blid.
Zeth Jan, " way Bets," and looked avresh,
I thort this uny com'd vrim vlesh !
Bit Bets hur zed hur'd yerd avaur,
Uv spurrits cover'd aul way gaur ;
An Jan zed wen ha come ta luke
He ad a raid zo in a buke.
Zeth he, " wul now es need'n vret !"
Hur'd niver com again ha'd bet ;
An, if ha liv'd ta zee tha day,
Ta-marra ha'd go in an pay—
Ees ! pay wi joy—tha munny down,
Vur thicky man desarv'd vive poun,
Thit cude purvent zich zore mishap,
An scare a witch like Nanny Tap.
Wul, having vust let in tha dog,
Thay made tharezuls a drap a grog,
Then up thay went to baid aul right
An niver waked up vur tha night.
Et may be ax'd ware was tha maids
An thay ? way aul was in thare baid—
Tha whit-witch zed thit uny two
Mist wurk tha thing, ur twidd'n doo.

Next day Jan went ta Exter toun
Ta pay tha witch tha munny down,
An wen ha com ha ring'd tha bul,

An yerd tha whit-witch wadd'n wul ;
A stranger twas tha haup'd tha door,
Tho Jan Plant zim'd thay'd meet bevaur
An vur tha minnit thort as how
Ha zeed tha man thit lost tha cow ;
Bit, arter lookin in es veace,
Ha thort et cud'n be tha keace.
Ha zed es measter was ta bad
Ta zee vriend P., bit that ha had
Dereckly, wen tha bul did ring,
Zed " varmer Plant—ay that's tha thing ! "
An thit ha'd told'n ta go down
An take vrim varmer P. vive poun,
An tul'n ha mit rest mortal zshore
Ha'd niver zee Nan Tap no moar ;
Zo hom a went an vrom thic day
Aul things went in a rigglar way.

Bevaur I stap, et mit be wul
Ta shaw what voolish tales vokes tul !
Twis zed, thic nite, thare wadd'n zich
A thing a taul, bit that tha witch
Wis Measter Tuckitt, who'd a com
Aul out vrim Exter—and therevrom
Brort a Urd Cloke, an zo got down
Tha chimly, jist ta airn vive poun ;
An that as down tha place ha scral'd
Ha zlip'd es voot, an down ha val'd,
An wat Jan thort wis Nan Tap's cry
Wis wen tha vorks rin'd in es thy ;
Thit in tha nite uv thick zame day,
Zom vokes ad zeed min ride away,

As wen Jan Plant did call, twis zaid,
 Twis way tha zore ha lide a baid—
 Bit as I've zed, that's vit vur skools,—
 THA LAUR HA MACY PIN ZICH VOOLS ! !

An as Jan zed this, ha haiv'd a sife,
 That zim'd ta dra out haf es life,
 An Riar an hur Moather zot,
 A kainin in tha licker pot,
 An look'd za long til pin me wurd
 Thay zim'd thay zeed tha CLOKE A URD.
 Tha 'tothers as tha wind et blaw'd,
 Thank'd gudeness thay wis gwain *wan* raud
 An Rabin Vinch zed wance'n agane,
 "Laur ! want es shet by Mucksy Lane !"
 Vur if thare's ort in aith ur air,
 Tis ten ta wan bit wat tis thare.
 Wul thare thay zot an speat an zmauk'd,
 And skace a zingle wurd wis spauk'd
 Till vury zune tha clock nac'k wan,
 Wen aul aw'm rauze to voller Jan,
 Who let min out, an ta make zshore,
 Like winky vasten'd too tha dore :
 Zoon as Rab Vinch an 'tothers got
 Outzide the kuart, Laur, auf thay zot !
 An wen thay'd kort thare wind a bit
 Zot too, za hard as thay cude split,
 An niver ad a wurd ta zay,
 Bit keep'd stratch-gallip aul tha way.
 Wul, homeward thay aul took thare vlight
 An niver look'd ta lift nur right,
 Till passin Mucksy Lane—aw, deer !—
 Thay aul aw'm jibber'd out way veer ;

Bit aun thay went, wan arter wan,
Tho way tha znaw cude skacely stan,
An veel'd unsaff till in thare baid,
Thay rish'd an cover'd up thare haid.
As vur Jan Vaggis, thee mit's zware
Ha wadd'n long vaur hee wis thare.
Mariar hur veel'd aul bit wul,
An widd'n szleep nat by hurzul—
No moar wid Jan, zo, nat ta bother,
Tha maid hur zleep'd outzide hur Mother ;
An aul tha nite thare sifes an screams
Shaw'd wat wis wurkin in thare dreams—
No winder ! tho I zay't merzul,—
A dred'fles tale I hant yer'd tul—
Uv kuse I need'n zay tu yu
Thit ivry wurd I've told es tru—
Ees vath ! tis tru's a vrog's a vrog,—
Zo varewul, zo's yours—

NATHAN HOGG.

NOTE TO THE WITCH STORY.

Paragraphs may frequently be seen in the newspapers headed "Extraordinary belief in Witchcraft," "Lamentable case of Superstition," &c., &c., and the readers thereof become duly astonished, throw up their eyes and hands, and ejaculate, "Can such things be in the nineteenth century?" Verily, "good constant," such things can be and are, and, to lessen thy astonishment in the future, we would impose upon thee—no long expedition involving the laying in of a fortnight's rations, nor even the provision of a nightcap, but simply an afternoon's excursion now

and then, into some of the villages and hamlets within a few miles of this ever-faithful City, where, in many instances, the Railway is supposed to have borne intelligence, and the Electric Wire to have flashed enlightenment. and thou wilt soon find that the belief in Witchcraft and the appearance of Ghosts are no "extraordinary instance," and that, however "lamentable," superstitions of that kind are as general as is the vernacular in which the aforesaid story is written. That it is the general effect of ignorance to construe the simplest event, not quite comprehended, into supernatural agency, is sufficiently proved by the past, and that such ignorance still reigns throughout most of the rural districts of our native county, the writer has had ample proof and experience; indeed, he has never yet been able to find a village without a bridge of horrors—some dark locality where weird sounds are heard; horses without heads, or mourning coaches without horses, seen—or some dreadful spectacle said to be periodically re-enacted from the Shades below. As an instance of the belief in Ghosts, it may be added, that a short time since, he happened to be present when nearly a whole village, not seven miles from Exeter, with the Railway almost at its threshold, turned out night after night, for a week, horror-struck, to witness a light upon the windows of a house, said to be the spirit of an old lady who had recently died, and which turned out to be simply the reflection of the moon. Under these circumstances, it is little to be wondered that the Hoggs, the Vaggises, and Plants, become robbed to a pretty considerable extent, for, to meet their ghostly emergencies, drunken tailors, idle shoemakers, and other worthless fellows, spring up into herbal doctors and white witches, and, by pretending to find out lost property, dispel charms, and lay ghosts, pick the pockets of their victims. The means adopted by these imposters, as suggested by the Witch Story, are not overdrawn; and, incredible as it may appear, there are many Professors of the class mentioned now in the city, carrying on what they would in all probability term a "roaring" trade.

Tha Manadgery at Ester Vair.

Tha gurt ugly Hellyfint widden kim out,
 Zo they gid min a whack cross his ligs an his snout,
 Wen a thote, I suppose, a wis in for a drub,
 A lopp'd out en than got up tap a tub.
 Tha leetle wan kim'd out, and urn'd along well,
 A'd a got round his neck a smahl tinkling bell,
 Zo much ver tha Hellyfints. Camyels, they say,
 Drinks nort in tha wordel but Cam-i-yel tay;
 There wis lots aw min thare, bit my zister Sairey
 Zed thick way wan hump wis a young Drummy Dairy.
 Tha keeper—a dark chap, by Dame Natur color'd—
 Got into a den, drash'd sim baists till they holler'd,
 And jumped droo sim hoops,—twis most kapical fun;
 Zo tha keeper kim'd out when he'd shet off a gun;
 I thort that there there the best fun in the fair, yes,
 An than I'd a luke at the gurt Rhino-sairyis;
 Zom chap thit stude by zed the name mid sound funny,
 Bit 'twis gied en becos that a cost sa much munny.
 I 'pointed thick chap ver ta be my kinducter;
 A show'd me a Sarpint, a big boy-kinstructer;
 A laffin high-in-a, way sharp teeth an claws;
 "Army drillers," and " Forkintines," birds kall'd macaws,
 Parrits, love-birds, and likewise sim fine cocky 2's:—
 In short tha chap dude all a cude to amoose.
 Lor a massey! I mussen furgit 'bout tha munkeys;
 Besides tha two Zebras (zem kalls em wild dunkeys);
 The pickled Jim Pansey, or Gorilla, merits
 A line, as a lieth at his hearts-ease in Sperrits.
 An now I've a dude, cos I don't wish ta badger ye,
 Zo no moar ver the present about tha Manadgery.

JAN.

Bradninchian Justice.

April 3rd, 1863.

Zom time agone—a hundid yer, or moar,
 Gr p'raps tew hundid—that I wont be shoar;
 A boy, a murtchy makin gallis toad.
 A hurn'd away vrim skule, along tha ro-ad,
 Till a kim'd tu a gardin hadge: en zo
 A got in auver; than a had a go
 At zom ripe gusebrees; stuff'd his burtches vull,
 But thare a vall'd aslayp—a leetle fule!
 Ver a wis vound en tuk'd avaur the Mare,
 Twis kleeer a haden got no bisniss thare;
 Bit these yer boy—a impident yung theef,
 Sed, "Mr. Mare, I'll tul ee my beleef,
 No gude to zay I wadden neast tha place,
 But you kant punish me in this year case."
 "What vor?" tha Mare exclaim'd, "I like to naw?"
 "Cos," zes the boy, "thare idden net no law
 Ginn stalin gusebrees in yer jistis buke."
 "Idden er?" es worship zed—"I'll ev a luke;"
 En zo a did; a squirted droo es spartikels
 'Bout laws gin stalin hoppels en other hartikels,
 Bit nort there was bout gusebrees—"Wy thee'rt rait,"
 zed he,
 "Zo git long hoam these time—but lookey zee!
 Thee shetten volley thick thare theevin trade,
 I'll git a law 'gin gusebrees stalin made!"

GLOSSARY.

A, of, have.
 abu, above
 adu, to do, ceremony,
 adien
 agaun, gone
 agin, against
 agwain, going
 aight, eight
 ails, eels
 ait, eat
 aith, earth
 aiven, even
 alongside, beside
 anuff, enough
 airly, early
 arter, after
 atween, between
 auder, order
 aun, on
 aut, awt, of it
 auver, over
 avaur, before
 aw, oh
 aw'min, of them
 aw's, of us
 ax'd, asked
 azide, beside

Bagganit, bayonet
 baid, bed
 baist, beast
 balling, bawling
 bal, noise
 baloo, row
 ban, band

bang, to beat
 banging girt, very
 great
 bant, am not
 barbs, sticks
 baw, bow
 beant, am not
 begorz, an oath
 bekase, because
 bess, best
 bim bye, bye and bye
 bin, been
 bit, but
 blaijed, obliged
 blid, blood
 bort, bought
 bout, about
 bral, brawl
 brauk, broken
 brekses, breakfast
 bul, bell

Cabical, capital
 caf, calf
 cam'd, calm'd
 carr, carry
 cethandid, clumsy
 chaps, chops, cheeks
 chaw, chew
 cheel, child
 civillins, civilians
 clainid, cleaned
 clipper, a knock
 cockleert, daybreak

cole, cold
 com'd, came
 cort, caught
 cozey, comfortable
 crasses, crosses
 crayturs, creatures
 crinted, grunted
 cude, could
 cud'n, couldn't
 curst, crust
 cuss, curse
 cute, acute
 cuz, because

Drat et, ods rot it
 daps, image
 darter, daughter
 dashed, an exclama-
 tion
 dide, died
 dimmet, dusk
 diss'n, don't you
 dood, done
 dra, to draw
 drab et, see drat it
 drade, threw
 draivin znaw, driven
 snow
 drapp'n, dropt it
 draut, throat
 drashing, thrashing
 drimpy, small
 drippence, three-
 pence
 dring'd, squeezed up

GLOSSARY.

dude, done	hannel, handle	Knastone Knowstone
dunnaw, don't know	hapmy, halfpenny	kort, caught
dyver'd, faded	happered, halfpenny worth	kuart, court
	hat, knocked	kurrek, correct
Ees, yes	haup, hope	Kuramis, Christmas
eet, yet	hawls, holes	kuse, course
ekal, equal	hight, eight	kute, acute
endilope, envelope	hikes, go	kuss, curse
er ur, or	hinklin, inclination	
es, his, us, we	hivers, my eyes	Let her blid, draw
	hist, hast	her blood
	holler, to cry out	laur, lor, Lord
Foced, forced	hom, home	
fust, first	hood, wood	Ma, my
furra, furrow	hullifint, elephant	maoy, massy, mercy
furtig, fatigue	humberul, umbrella	man'd, man would
	humman, woman	manijed, managed
	hummen, women	mare, mayor
Gapsnested, gaped, looked	hur, her	mer, me
gawkim, a stupid fellow	hy. eye	merzul, myself
gaur, gore	Iny, any	miny, many
gied, gave	irt, right	min, them
gie, give	ith, hath	mortal, very
gilhal, Guildhall	iv'ry, every	mort, lard
girt, great	ivers, my eyes!	mow, meadow field
girtly, greatly	ize, I am	much, to smoothe
gorjus, gorgeous		mucks, mud
gwain, going	Jainis, genius	murch, much
	jist, just	
Ha', have		Nack, knob
ha, he		nat, not
haf, half	Kaining, looking	nauble, noble
haid, head	karring, carrying	nauze, nose
hals, draws	kend, kind	naw, naws, know-
harly, hardly, scarcely	kindiddled, enticed	ledge, knows
harbs, herbs	kintinnying, continuing	nawnort, know no-
haul, hole	kenhoods, Kenwoods	thing
hoce, hoarse	kiss'n, can't not	noas, nose
		nort, nothing
		Ort, anything

GLOSSARY.

Pakin, strolling
 pasher, pasha
 pairt, part, shrewd,
 quaint
 pasnips, parsnips
 pair, to stuff, to fill
 penner'd, penny-
 worth
 pheasants, peasants
 picksey, an elf, or
 fairy—infinitesi-
 mal, but powerful
 pin, upon
 pillamy, dust
 pirnt, print
 plat, plot, place,
 locality
 punkel, punctual
 purdlin, purling
 purty, pretty
 puss, purse

Rails, revels
 raimid, stretched
 rammeled, rambled
 rat, rot
 rauze, rise
 ruckee, to stoop
 down low

Saff, safe
 sar, serve
 sar'd, served
 scace, scarce
 scraly, to write
 shet, shut, shoot
 shude, should
 sife, sigh
 skace, scarce
 skaur, score
 skiddik, thing, article

sludder, shudder
 speat, spit
 stap, stop
 staps, steps
 steev'd, stiff
 stower, dust
 stright, straight
 strat, dash
 stude, stood

Ta, to
 tamarra, to-morrow
 tap, top
 tettys, potatoes
 thatares, that is, that
 thateres, that is, that
 thit, that
 tho', then, altho' (as
 tho') as if
 thort, thought
 thur, thee
 tich, to touch
 tidd'n, 'tis not
 tiddivate, to bedeck,
 to ornament
 tu, to, two
 tul, tell
 tummil'd, tumbled

Ull, will
 ulse, else
 uny, only
 ur, or
 urch, rich
 urn, to run
 urd, red
 urdgment, regiment
 us'd, we had
 uv, of

Vair, fair
 vaityers, features
 vall'd, fell
 valling, falling
 vantysheeny, showy
 vard'n, farthing
 vurder, further
 vath, faith
 vaur, before
 vaut, fault
 veed, feed
 veefty, fifty
 veet, feet
 vill'd, fill'd
 vin'd, fined
 vippence, fivepence
 vlink, fink, figure
 voks, folks
 voller'd, followed
 voolz, fools
 vorrid, forward
 vright, right
 vrin, from
 vrites, writes
 vul, fool
 vuller'd, a fellow had
 vung, vang, find, take,
 gather
 vur, for
 vurgit, forgot
 vury, very
 vussled, hurried
 vustling, fussing
 vuz, furze

Wack, knock
 wacking, great
 wan, one
 wance, once
 wangery, tired
 wap, thrash

GLOSSARY.

wapper-hy'd, sleepy	wurraw, hurrah	zes, says
groggy	wuss, worse	zich, such
wat, what		zide, side
way, with	Yeller, yellow	zidd'n, sudden
wayout, without	yer, your, here, hear	zim'd, seemed
weed, would	yer'd, heard	zim, think
wen, when	yewahil, usual	zimper, a shy demon-
wissel, whistle, the	yu'm, you are	stration
throat	yurdle, hurdle	zmacks, kisses
weth, worth		zmoaking, smoking
whacker, great	Za, so	zoop, to sip largely
whisterpoop, a knock	zait, seat	zom, some
wis, was	zay, sea	zo's, folks, vriends,
wiss, would'st, worse	zart, soft	greeting to a person
whit, white	zartin, certain	or persons present
wom, whom	zaw, saw	
wordel, world	zed, said	zot, sat
wul, well	zee, see	zummat, something
wur, were	zeed, seen	zune, soon
		zwetting, sweating



LETTERS & POEMS

TU ES BRITHER JAN,

IN

THE DEVONSHIRE DIALECT

BY

NATHAN HOGG.

SECOND SERIES.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE
LOUIS LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

EDITED, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY
ROBERT DYMOND, F.S.A.

Sixth Edition—Enlarged—with a Revised Glossary.

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Dedication

(BY PERMISSION)

To His Highness Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte.

IN seeking the honour which your Highness has so readily and courteously conferred upon me, by granting me permission to dedicate to you the following pages, I feel assured that you will better appreciate my object in so doing when I admit that, while entertaining full respect for your exalted rank, a recollection of the Prince becomes lost in my admiration of the Linguist.

Remembering the many interviews which I have been privileged to have with your Highness, during your study of the Devonshire Dialect, and your extraordinary mastery of its general peculiarities and most difficult idioms, I can well understand how highly you have deserved the honourable mention which has been made of you as a Linguist by the European Press.

My testimony to that already so universally given may seem to savour somewhat of egotism: I cannot however imagine that I have committed any great breach of modesty in seeking, as the humble student of one dialect, the appreciation of a perfect master of hundreds.

H. BAIRD.

SAIR-YISS POAMS.

My purty Jane.

June 25th, 1865.

It was down by the river I first met my pretty Jane,
Upon a Zummer evening, when the zin was on the wane.
Her little veet they twinkled, as she tripp'd aur meadows
bright,
And my heart it whisper'd zoftly, "Giles, didst a'er see
sich zight."

No, nivver in my born days did I zee a girl so vair,
She made my heart go pit-pat, and she riz on end my
hair,
And I ax'd her for to com back, but she couldn't then
she said,
And on she sped like lightning across the level mead.

I heerd the birds a-singing, as I coom'd up droo the lane
And I thort they zed, "Giles, Giles, thee shalt have thy
purty Jane!"
Ah! 'twas music sweeter far than I'd ever heerd before,
It often gied ma comfort, digging pait upon the Moor.

One zummer zinday morning, when the bells were ring-
ing sweet,

I met my love a'coming up old Chagford's plissent
street;

I tuk courage theer and thin, and I up and told my love,
And she zaid, "Dear Giles, I'll have ee," and she spauk
jest like a dove.

But she nivver liv'd to do it, for she pined away and
died,

Jest on the day she zed she be my bonny little bride;
Now often when I'm walking down in yander meadows
bright

I zee her right before me—like an angel in the light.

And I heer her sweet voice zaying—"Giles, Giles, be
not afraid,

Thee shall see, in heavenly places, thy loving little maid;"
Aw! 'tis that which gies me paice as I walk in vield
and lane—

For if I live a true life I shall zee my Purty Jane.

Tha Daysy Tap tha Grave.

Wat dist thow yer thow litt'l vlow'r,

Why zich a spot dist crave?

This ez no pleave vur wan like thee—

A daysy tap tha grave!

Aw, no! shud be zom murnvul vlow'r,

Vrim joyvul luk apart;

A vlow'r of darker hu, way haid.

Thit drap'th down like ma hart.

I can't abide ta zee thee zmile,
 That zacrid grave abuv;
 Uv hur *U* vrom ma beth till now,
 Wis aul I luv'd ur luv:
 Et bear'th ma back to wat beant now,
 Bit aw! ta wat ith bin,
 Then gie mee zom moar murnvul vlow'r,
 Like wat I veel wayin.

But stap! hur is a *Angel* now,
 Moar bright an *pur* thin thee;
 A light brayk'th in apin mee *hart*,
 Thy *buty* now I zee;
 Iss! litt'l vlow'r I'll iver think,
 As thow raytur'nst aych yur.
 Thit thow bee'st zent ta bare ta mee,
 A zmile uv luv vrim hur.

Tha Ziappin Cheel.

I bant no *Vather*, I wish I *waz*,
 Bit et strik'th ma aul uv a heep
 Ta zee thic *butivul* pictur thare—
 Thicky zweet litt'l cheel asleep!
 I veel—I can't tullee wat I veel—
 Ez I *vu* ez innacint veace,
 An zim I niver *cud* bee za *zmal*
 Thit I *cud* a lide in ez pplace.

Iss vath I winder (no winder *tu*)
 Et tha change thit wurkith wayin,
 Wen I think tha mort'l speace thare lyth
 Tween tha "ez" an tha "hath a bin."
 Ah! I winder wat thow deer cheel (za *pur*
 Until vorrid thy *vatstaps* bend)
 Wen thow, *tu* travel'th tha raud I've trape'st,
 U'll bee et thy journey's end?

Aw, iss! tiz a mucky raud thow'll vine,
 Way hedges uv prickel an thaurn:
 Thit grow'th moar thicker an zsharper *tu*,
 Tha vurder vrim wen *yu'm* baur.
 Deer zlaypin zaul, in tha foce uv luv
 Thit es now a purtecting thee,
 I veel thow'm stronger agin tha word'l
 Zivrel hunderd vole thin mee.

Bit arter aul thare be minny rauds
 Thit laid'th *tu* our wordly end,
 Wile zom bee ruff, and zuzant bee zom,
 An tha tothers be hard ta vend;
 Zweet cheel I pray way a airnist hart
 Thit tha claynist uv rauds thow'll keep—
 Thit thy *cus* uv lyve may bee jist za smathe
 An za cam ez thy hinfint zlayp.

Twenty Yurs : a Rapcolleckshin.

Twenty yurs ! wat mort'l changes
 Hath accur'd in thic thare time ;
 An, ez back ma spurrit ranges,
 Zeth, " doant put min inta rime ; "
 Changes thit, apin rayflecshin
 Bring'th tha teer drap in mee hye,
 An cal'th vorrid that avekshin
 Thit I veel'd in days gaun bye.

Now, in vancy, naith tha shødder
 Uv tha ole hu tree I stan ;
 An I zee, up Jackib's ladder,
 Spurrits trupin, wan be wan ;
 Spurrits uv tha dayd, long burry'd
 Vrends ta mee wen bit a cheel,
 Vutstap arter vutstap hurry'd,
 Auver tha aytarnal hill.

An I yer tha buls a chaymin,
 Vur tha vokes agwayn ta prayer,
 Bit thay be, thit's aunward straymin,
 Nat tha wans wen I wiz thare ;
 No ! jist go an rayd tha ritin,
 Pin tha stoans yu zee aroun,
 An yu'll vine, be tha inditin,
 Minny zlaypith undergroun.

An tha rest, wan pleave ur tother,
 Be gaun vore ta vight thare way ;
 Vur wat's vather, zister, moather,
 Tu our wants vrim day to day ?
 Aw ! I've thort et ez a pity
 (Tho' I spose tant vur tha best)
 Bit our wulvare meade et vitty
 Wan ta laber way tha rest.

No et cant be! *luk!* for ort'l
 Shaw thee pairtin, change an deth
 Ez tha veate uv iv'ry mort'l
 Vrim tha time ha draeth ez breath.
 An if mim'ry *tu* shud purish
 Wat wid this pore wurdle be?—
 Ware tha pickturs aul aw's churish—
 Thic in vancy I now zee?

Thare's tha skule ware (*macy zave ess?*)
 I vust larn'd ma A B C,
 "Wen *gud*" let out be Jinny Davies
 Zixty minnits arter dree;
 An tha pleaces I've bin mitchin—
 Auver meddar and dru mow,
 Vur wich I've a got a zwitchin—
 Noan be leff ta zwitch ma now!

Thare's the zulf zame bruk now urning
 Ware I've *tuk* auff zock an bat,
 An ma trowses var up turnin,
 Gone intu tha watter—scat!
 Auff vur that I've got a drashin,
 An bin vetch'd way minny sticks,
 An, vur a clayn apurn splashing,
 Zent ta bayd *zun* arter zix.

Thare I zee tha vullidge caunder,
 Ware us child'r'n *yus'd* ta stan,
 Uv tha pleace no wan wiz vonder,
 Thin mezul among tha ban;
 Thare ez *yus'd* ta meet and chatter—
 Talk uv ghosts, an uv tha dayd,
 'Till hom vast our veet wid clatter,
 Most aveer'd ta go ta bayd.

An among thic raw uv howzes,
Wan I zee, I mine en wul,
Ware I vust wared coat and trowses,
Dress'd za vine, no tung kin tul;
An tha happinses thay gied mer,
Wull I dæ raymimber how,
Then tha gud ole nayburs vee'd mur,
But I've urn'd dæ much moar now.

Tho, as now, wan ad ez trubble,
Bit aich wan wiz then moar zmai,
Iv'ry greef aych yer growth dubble,
Till tha vust zim'th nort a tal.
Zo et ez wile nayth tha shadder
Uv tha ole hæ tree I stan,
Thit mee baytin hart growth zadder—
Zadder zince I'm com a man.

Twenty yurs! bit aw less stap et,
I've a zeed a dayl zince that,
An 'tiz better, murch, ta dræp et,
Zichlike thorts beant weth a græt;
Aul I naw thay make mur lonely,
Noan kin tul now wat I veel,
Tho' me thorts wiz cus, I only
Naw thay'm wiss thin wen a cheel.

Tha Cricket an tha Bittle.

A cricket ha zot a pin tap a tha aith,
 An ha hollerd za lowd as ha cud squayl,
 Wen a gurt black bittle a trapsin aun,
 Ha tuk an scamml'd pin tap uv ez tayl.
 Now kiss'n thee zee ware thee bee'st a gwayn,
 Zed tha crickit, "yu nasty vulty thing;
 Yu zartinly can't be za mort'l deeve,
 Bit wat! thit yu must hev a yerd ma zing.

Tha bittle ha bust out intu a laff—
 Wat! dee cal that zingin? aw, aw, zeth he!
 If thee bees't a zinger, no kith uv mine,
 Be tha black a ma cote shill zongsters be:
 Tis nort bit a skritch, an wisser nur that,—
 Ef I wis ta kick up zich awful rows
 I'm zartin tha missus wid vurrit mer owt,
 An nat allow mer ta bide in tha howze.

Zes tha cricket yu hugly himprint twoad,
 Iv'ry nite tha missus, avaur tha vi-er,
 Zmile'th auver hur veace as hur yurs ma zing,
 An laffths as I toon'th up hi-er an hi-er;
 An as vur tha measter ha zmoak'th ez pipe,
 An yu may zee be tha twink uv ez eye,
 Thit vur vury glee as ha puf'th an blaw'th,
 H'a widdn be happy zept I wur by.

Tha bittle ha zed tha cricket wiz spared
 Cuz ha jump'd away, an zed way skaurn,
 Thit ez vur ez zul ha wiz lyk'd, a naw'd,
 Vur a liv'd in tha howze iver zince ha wis baurn;
 Bezaides vury auff wen ha vown et cole,
 Ha'd ha'd stick'd eszul ta tha missus's hoze—
 Hur'd car'd min up stairs, wen auff'n ha'd got
 An zlayp'd way bothe awmin under tha close.

Then wan kintinid ta prayze up eszul,
 Tha tuther kintinid ta *du* tha zeame;
 An thare bothe measter an missus thay zot,
 As if thay wiz draymin abowt tha vleame.
 Ta last tha ole humman cort zight uv tha bothe,
 An tha cricket ha squayl'd out hi-er an hi-er,
 Wen hur shet out *han tuk*'d hole uv tha brush,
 An *zup*'d tha bothe awmin inta tha vi-er.

MORRIL.

Wul, now warnin teake, bothe bittles and men,
 An crickets an hummen *tu*,
 If *yu* thinks za vury murch uv yerzul,
 Tha wurdle thinks litt'l a *yu*;
 An wile *yu*'m quardlin bowt wich ez tha best,
 Stid uv stikkin ta *wat yu*'m meade,
 Be tha vury wans *yu* may think yur vrends
Yu'll inta tha vi-er be drade.

Gwayn Hom.

I zeed a glad an laffin cheel,
 A *cusin dru* tha green;
 A bag wiz drappin at hur heel,
 I ax'd hur ware hur'd bin.
 Hur zed ta *skul*, I *tuk* hur *han*
 Za *zart*, za roun an plum;
 An ware, mee litt'l queen, bee gwayn?
 Zeth hur, "I'm gwayn hom!"
 "Ay! git thee hom," I zed, "zweet cheel,
 An way thy zisters play,
 I *tu* be gwayn hom, bit veel
 Thic hom's a vurder way."

I zeed a zayler, *tal an blithe*,
 Apin tha *platvorm stan* ;
 Ha'd vetch'd thic happy time a live
 Uv nether cheel nur *møn*.
 I ax'd en ware thit he wiz gwayn,
 An ware ha hayl'd vrom?
 Ha zed ha'd crass'd tha wat'ry mayn,
 An now wiz gwayn hom.

"Go, happy zin, *an raip* tha bliss
 Thit ez vur thee in store ;
 Bit aw! ta mee no moather's kiss
 Ull nat be gid no moar."

I zeed a mayd a gwayn ta church,
 A *zuant* blishin bride ;
 Her morrid wan thay zed wis urch—
 He zittin be hur zide.
 Hur vather *an* hur moather died,
 Aul homliss hur becom ;
 Bit now agane, zweet happy mayd,
 Hur *tu* ez gwayn hom .

"Aw! blessins be apin thic pair,"
 I zauffly wisper'd, "vur
 Tha zeake a thic zweet Angel THARE—
 My hom ez long way hur."

Tha tother day I cal'd apin
 A vrend a wan thits gaun,
 Vur wom tha brite an cheervul zin
 Ith now no longer shaun ;

Ez gray hare hang'd aul down ez veace,
 Zeth he, "my time ez com,
 Less grip yer han, I die in payce,
 I veel I'm gwayn hom."

"Go, gud ole man," I wisper'd law,
 As vent ha brayth'd, an vast,
 "When I *tu* pay tha det I aw,
 May I zee zich a last."

Ay! litt'l cheel an haupvul yuth,
 Yung bride an agid man,
 Tha scriptur tul'th ess nort bit truth,
 "This life ez bit a span."

Yu zun miss urn yer aithly reace,
 An thin be cal'd yervrom;
 An *yu U* vind'th no restin pleace,
Yu tu wul *zun* be hom.

Bit wat thic hom turn'th out *yu zee*,
 Uv *cus* 'tis hard ta tul,
 Tho' wan thing's saf ez saf kin be—
 Depend'th apin yezul.

Tha Zinging Time a Live.

Thare ez a time in this kirare
 Uv trubble an uv strive,
 Thit like a Angel bide'th ta chare—
 Tha zingin time a live;
 An macy pin tha drupin hart,
 An pin tha zilent tung,
 Wen luv, vrim bothe awmin daypairt,
 Uv muzzic an uv zong.

I've auff'n yer'd tha moather zing
 Hur hinfint cheel ta zleep,
 A lûkin pin thic litt'l thing
 Ith suite vurgot ta weep;
 Iss! tho' no burd an mayt hur hath,
 Zweet haup still keep'th alive,
 Vur aw! et light'nth up hur path—
 Thic zingin time a live.

I tû hev yer'd tha wurdz uv zong
 Vrim veeble voyces pow'r,—
 Vrim this ole man thit'th walk'd along
 Ez live moast tû a now'r:
 Bit hee ith nat bin hald abowt
 Way trubble, care an strive,
 Nur mit way ort ta stifle owt
 \ Tha zingin time a live.

Bit aw! I've zeed in prime a days,
 Ware nort bit joy shûd blûm,
 A hært an eye that zim'd ta sayze
 Tha shadder uv tha tûm:
 Note arter note, stap arter stap,
 (Aw! niver tû rayvive,)
 Wayin tha vlid uv greef id drap
 Tha zingin time a live.

Aw! blessins be a pin thic time
 Wen hært an zaul be yung.
 Wen nether trubble, no, nur crime,
 Ith stap'd tha warblin tung:
 An aw! a deep an ainist prare
 Vur man, ur mayd, ur wive,
 U'th burry'd in thare hært's dayspare
 Tha zingin time a live.

Girt Ofvenders an Zmal.

A muller ha vown a mowze in ez hutch
 An zed "vur this yu bee bown ta dye,"
 Bit tha pore litt'l crayt'r playdid hard,
 An wantid ta naw tha rayz'n wye.

"Tha rayz'n wye?" tha muller ha zed,
 "Way that's a purty thing, ta be zshore;
 Now wadd'n thee vown in thic thare hutch,
 A aytin tha mayl thit's grownd vur tha pore?"

Then ha cort'n hole be tha end a tha tayl,
 An ez pore litt'l haid gin tha hutch ha hat,
 Arter wich tha cruel twoad ha drade
 Ez pore litt'l carkiss owt ta tha cat.

Now a muller ha stayl'th an cal'th et "tole,"
 An a mowthvul ur tu, a mowze'll scral,
 Wat a honjist vate thare ez, I zess,
 Vur ofvenders girt an ofvenders zmal.

HUMERISS POAMS.

Mal Brown's Crinalin an wat com'd awt.

Thare's a mayd I've long naw'd, an hur neame ez Mal
Brown,

U com'd tother day ta teake zarvice in town,
An who mit way a turrabul zort a mishap,
Wen I yer'd awt, I thort thit I rayly mist drap.
Wul, et zims thit hur ad a bin walkin tha pleast,
An zeed thicky kickshaw thay hangs ta tha waste,
"Crinalins" tis, thay cals et, bit laur! pin me wurd,
Tis nort bit a hen-cup aul cuver'd way urd.
Wul hur thort thit in cus thit hur cud'n be wan
Vur ta keep vrima vashin za turrabul gran,
An hur luk'd in a winder an zeed wan aw'm thare,
Bit pin axin tha vally, laur! didd'n hur stare,
Vur tha mayd unang'd dree vrim beside uv a shulve,
An zed thay wiz zold vrim dree shullins ta twulve.
"Wul!" zeth hur, "that's a zum thit I cant wul avord,
I'll jist du et mezul, way zix pennerd a cord."
Wul, hur parchis'd zix pennerd, an zade et aul rown,
An tha vrollerin Zindy hur pake'd dru tha town,
Bit laur! if hur'd thort pin tha trubbl in store
Hur wid'n dud then wat hur'll niver du more;
Bit bevaur thit ess tul wat tha mayd did beval,
Et ez wite vur ta state how hur luk'd arter al.

Wul, hur parchis'd tha cord, ez avaur I've a zed,
 An zade et aul rown way tha cusist a thred,
 Thit hur undercote spred in a way *yu* hant zin—
 Tis a winder hur stockins stap'd aun way tha win.
 Then hur *ad* a *zmæl* string urning up *dræ* tha zide
 Vur ta *hæl* up hur dress—this min~~u~~ver I've tride,
 An I vine et a cabical *mæv* vur aul bucks,
 Vur ta *hæl* up thare burches wen crassin tha mucks;
 Bit ez now I've tole thur za wul ez I *cud*,
 Hur *læks*, I'll jist tul thur tha things thit hur *dæd*.
 Tha vust thing hur *dæd*, apin crassin tha strayt,
 Wiz ta *hæl* up hur things ta be tidy *an* nayt,
 Wen zom boys gin'd ta holler, an *cus* wurds ta vend,
 Vur hur undercote cock'd neerly uprite behend;
 An hur naw'd *wat* et *wæz*, wen a humman acress
 Zing'd owt, "laur a macy! daunt bee zich a hass;
Du'ee put down yer things *an* walk zummat like vitty,
 An doant *ad* no moar *tu* tha *væls* a tha zitty."
 Wul hur drap'd et, bit vury *zun* *tuk* up a hitch,
 Wen up go'th tha pittycotes zideways, bit zich
 Wiz tha hite thit thay went *tu*, *an* girt wiz tha shaw,
 Thit a lot a chaps brort up *an* holler'd "wurraw!"—
 An tha boys thit, bevaur now, wiz watchin tha geame,
 Com'd up, an immaydyit joyn'd in way tha zeame.
 Ta git owt tha way hur back'd int~~u~~ a pleace,
 Wen thay cock'd up bevaur, zo ta zett'l tha case.
 (Yu naws hurs a twoad, now, wen up hurs a zot)
 Hur pitch'd irt int~~u~~ min, *an* pummil'd tha lot,
 Wen a polismin pass'd, *an* layd hold a pore *Mæl*,
 An walk'd hur strite vorrid down ta tha Gilhæl;
 Bit vinding *wat* 'twæz, thay advized hur ta rin
 Strite hom, *an* nat ventir zich nonsins agin.
 Now, I zay this yer *vashin*'s tha wiss thit kin bee;
 How tha hummen kin *dæ* et's a puzzle ta mee;—
 Way if I *ad* a wive thit wid shaw hurzul zo,

Vury quick I shud gie hur tha awder ta "go!"
 I've a zeed miny hummen go inta a shop,
 Ur a korridge, ur geate, wen up thare goes—pop—
 Thare undercotes, zo thit ez var ez tha rest,
 Zilly crayturs, thay may jist za wul be undress'd.
 Now, I rayly daunt like vur ta vrite in this way,
 Bit tis wat *yu* may luk at, iss! day arter day;
 Tho' p'raps if thay zee'th et in pirnt, by an by,
 Thay mit keep things moar saycrit, nat mayn'd vur tha hy.

Wile I'm talkin a this I mit jist za wul zay,
 I wiz owt *tu* a varmerin vrends tother day,
 Wen tha measter com'd in an ha zing'd owt "Mariar!"—
 Wativer's a com'd a thic girt roll a wi-er?
 Twiz auver tha chimly peese, no *yuz* ta tul,
 Unny *tu* days ago, vur I zeed et mezul.
 Wul they zarch'd, an tha measter, ha kick'd up zich rigs,
 Cuz ha wanted tha wi-er vur ringing the pigs,
 Nat a skiddick howiver wiz vown, zo ha thort
 Thit ta zarch iny vurder'd be zarchin vur nort.
 Wul thic minnit in drap't an ole vren, Varmer B—,
 U pin yerrin wat waz zing'd out "deer macy mee!
 Et es caryiss now, vath, vur I'm in a *stu*,
 My wi-er's agaun an I cant think ware *tu*."
 Wul! thay thort no more bout et (ur nat vury murch)
 Till nex Zindy id com, an thare mayd went ta Church,
 Wen hur stick'd out aul roun in za caryiss a way,
 Thit tha yung Varmer holler'd "Mariar, I zay!
 I'll be dal'd if ovr Mary thare hath'n a bin
 An parchis'd be zom mayns a *nu* crinalin.
 "Wat dee tul aw?" ez zister rayplied way a vrown,
 "Way hur hath'n a bin vur zix munths inta town!
 "Niver mine, now vur that, hurth a got min" zeth hee,
 "An avaur tha days auver I'll mænidge ta zee!"
 Wul! aivnin wiz com, hom com Mæl inta howze,
 An went up to change, bevaur mulkin tha cowze,

An wen hur went out up ha go'th auver stairs
 An zarchid aul awver pore Mallys avars.
 Wul! ha zidd'nly com pin a thing thit ha naw'd
 Wiz tha wan thit zo mortilly spred Mal abraud,
 Zo ha tuk-owt ez nive, cut zom stiches an vown
 Thit tha wi-er thay'd laust wiz a zade aul aroun.
 Now poor Mally's kinsarn ha immayditly tuk
 Jist as twaz, an then hang'd et aul up tu tha cruk
 In tha kitchin, zo wen hur put vut in tha pleace,
 Tha thingamy stared hur irt bang in tha veace :
 Laur a macy ! hur drap'd bothe tha cans (hur did zshore !)
 An val'd, way tha vrite, hom pin tap a tha vlore ;
 Then hur got inta sturricks like hummen vokes du,
 My ivers ! an zot up a mortal balu ;
 An hur drade up her mowthe dree ur vour inches wide,
 Thit I thort tha pore craytur wid rayly a dide ;
 Howsimiver hur didn, an wen hur com tu
 Hur zwared zich a hack hur wid niver more du,
 Zo tha measter vurgid hur bit tha nayburin voke
 Aiv'n now tayze pore Mal way tha pig wi-er joke.
 I vurgot vur ta tul'ee vrim thicky thare day
 Tha tother mayd niver wiz tiddivated way
 Zich a roundabout thing, and tis caryiss tha wi-er
 Wis vown arter that a drade in pin tha vi-er ;
 Bit thick cock wid'n vight, vur twiz naw'd vury wul
 Tha wi-er cud'n git in zich pleace be etszul.
 Tha vack uv et was, thit tha mayd id a yur'd
 Tha awvul mis-hap that ta Mal id accur'd ;
 Zo, rather thin urn iny risk uv tha zeame,
 Hur went an kimmittid tha wi-er ta vlame.
 Wat Ive tole thur es tru, zo tha case uv poor Mal
 Wul I haup vrim this time pruv a warnin ta al ;—
 Nat uny tu mayd'ns in zarvice, an thay
 Yu may zee in shop winders a wurkin away,
 An who shaw'th ivry maurnin (vur aul aws may zeet)

A duce uv a way up abuv thare "pore veet,"
 Bit tha ladees u auft be thare larnin ta naw
 Thit tant aul ez hev got wiz a gid ez tha shaw ;
 Now I tul'ee wat tez if *yu* want vur ta stap et,
 Tha ladees must be tha vust wans vur ta drap et—
 If thay daunt Mally Brown'll be agane in a bother,
 Cuz hur thinks thit wan leg ez as gud ez anuther.

A Turrabul ride bee Rayl.

Yu've yer'd a Janny Gulpin's ride
 Vrim Linnin pin a hauss,
An yu've a yer'd, I spoze, bezide,
 Ez hat an wig ha lauss :
Uv cus ha raud moast mort'l quick,
 Bit arter aul *yu'll* vine,
 Howiver vast ha went, thit thic
 Thare ride wiz nort ta mine.
 Wan day *tu* Tinmith I'd a bin
 An in tha arternun
 Went *tu* tha Stashin way a rin,
 Nat veelin auversun ;
 An zo et pruv'd, vur pin me wurd,
 Wen jist inzide I got,
 Tha wissel aw tha trayn I yer'd,
 An auff tha bagger zot.
 Nat *tu* be dud, I urn'd arcrass
 Tha tother zide tha line,
 Ha wadd'n gwayn nat auver vast,
 Zo I jump'd behine.
 Tha dang'd ole boyler puff'd an blaw'd,
 Tha porters aul aw'm skritch'd,
 Tha moar thay cal'd, I virmer raud ,
 An legs an vingers clitch'd.

Tha trayn urn'd up beside tha zay,
 (A purty zite et waz ;)
 Agane I yerd tha wissel play,
 " Yer com'th tha haul*—I'm daz !
 Iss ! laur a macy ! macy mee !
 Yer tis, now uny hark,
 Howiver kin a vuller zee
 Ta hole aun in tha dawk ?

Ess shet in dru thic haul,—aw law !—
 Zich noys wiz niver yer'd,
 Et zim'd like trav'lin down below—
 Iss, did, a pin me wurd !
 Tha vapper rish'd up dru ma naws,
 An down ma draut, za thick
 Thit ef I hadd'n clinch'd ma jaws
 I zun shud ha bin zick.

Wul, then tha groun zim'd aul a vi-er—
 I tuk'd a virmer hold,
 Ez zim'd ez ef thit ess wiz ni-er
 Thick pleace thit I've a told :
 An then ess thort ess zmul'd a zmul,
 A zeed a zartin veace—
 Tha neame awmin I need'n tul,
 Nur vurder steate tha pleace.

Bang arter Bang wiz yer'd aroun,
 I thort thit, iv'ry lurch,
 Tha imp's wis vi-erin (be tha zoun)
 Ta hat ma auf ma purch ;
 Bit ef thay did zhet wul ur nat,
 Ef did'n zun com lite,
 I veel'd thit, (ef I wadd'n hat,)
 I muss val auf way vrite.

* The Tunnel.

Wul owt ess com'd an in ess went,
 An owt agane, an in,—
 A winder thit ess did'n vent
 Vur want a hare an zin :
 " Thank gudniss yer ess be ta lass " .
 Zeth I " yer's Dalish close ;
 Eet still ha go'th most mort'l vass ;—
 Thay'm puttin aun more foice ! ! "

An zo thay waz, vur be tha pleace
 Ess jist like litnin rish'd,
 Wile pin tha platvorm iv'ry veace
 Zim'd like a veace a wish'd.
 In vack tha miny things ess pass'd
 (Ta think awt now I zheake,)
 Zim'd, iv'ry stap ess went za vast,
 Ta graw inta a strake.

Aun, aun, ess went, laur jayly cry !
 Till Starcrass pleace ess vetch'd,
 Ess did'n stap, ess zim'd ta vly—
 Eet zartin wurd ess ketch'd ;
 I thor a porter veller cride,
 " Look thare thats Nathan Hogg ! "
 Iss tiz, yu blackgard, I rayplied,
 Twiz yu thit lauss tha dog."*

* Nathan a short time before had lost a favourite dog through the neglect of the stupid porter who bungles the wires at this great station.

Wul, then ess luk'd owt pin tha zay,
 (Zich thing wiz niver yer'd,)
 Vur bigger thin a rick a hay
 Thare zwim'd a wackin burd;*
 An, ez ess raud, ha turn'd ez bayk,
 Thort I "now hang aun varm,
 Vur ef ha com'th an vind'th thur wayk,
 Ha'll ayt thur like a warm,"

Bit zun ess zeed min owt a zite ,
 An mort'l gläd ess veel'd,
 Nat carin ta be gobb'ld quite,
 Like giants ait'th a cheeld;
 A purty mayl thort I,—iss vay!—
 (Vur thicky burd jist pass)
 Mee bastid an a zar'd up way
 Zom Starcrass mucks vur sass.

Wul aun ess rish'd pass Powderim,
 Zeth I "tant vury vur,
 I kin hole vast me hole, I zim,
 Za var ez Exminstur!"
 Bit wen ess com'd ta thicky pleace,
 My ivers! ess zhet vore
 Ez ef way zich a dredvul peace
 Ess shüd'n stap no moar.

Now vaster, iss! an vaster still,
 Tha varmint zim'd ta vly
 Be hüd an wotter; "now I shil
 Val auf I veel an die!"
 I cüd'n spayk, thort I "yer go'th—"
 I veel' thit aul wiz gwayn
 Mee hans an legs wiz lüs'nd bothe
 An then——thay stap'd tha trayn.

* Nathan must have seen Capt. Peacock's beautiful boat in the shape of a bird.—"The Swan of the Exe."

I hæd'n scacely tich'd tha groun
 In vancy ez I val'd,
 Wen zidd'nly I yer'd a zoun,
 An pin mee veet I scrål'd;
 "Zin Tommis's!" I yer'd min zay,
 It strik'd mur uv a hayp
 Ta vine thit neerly aul tha way
 I'd uny bin ta zlayp.

Thic draym, tho', meade mer in a zwet,
 An veelin mortil quare,
 I went an got a drap a wet
 An zot down in a chare;
 I wædd'n wul long arter that,
 An veel, in thicky ride,
 That tho' in boddy I wiz nat,
 Ma spurrit raud owtzide.

Now brither Cowper waz a mæn,
 Like mee, uv girt raynown,
 An wen ha'd ort tæll in ez haid
 Ha tuk'd an vraut et down;
 Tha diffirms between hee an mee
 I scacely need ta tul,—
 Hee draym'd abowt old Janny G.—
 I draym'd abowt mezul.

Mezul ez a Public Spayker.

A Meetin cal'd spayshil wiz hold Mundy nun,
 An tha rayz'n tha Kownzil wiz zumm'nd za zun,
 Wis ta yer an kinsidder kimplaynts thit wiz meade
 Uv tha Bunny bein tuk'd vur a private chaps treade ;*
 I wiz in a firnt pleace an cud zee aul wiz thare,
 An wiz zittin (zom distins) tha rite a tha Mare,

* The only object in introducing this subject of the Exeter Bonhay pleasure-ground job is to show the universality of Nathan's talent, and that he is not only an elegant writer, but an accomplished orator.

In order as Pope says to show

"What mighty contests rise from trivial things."

or in other words, the circumstances to which Nathan's maiden speech is to be attributed, it is necessary to quote the following epistle of his on behalf of a respected relative, addressed to the Town Council of Exeter.

Ginelmén,

This com'th haupin et'll vind'ee in gud hulth, ez layves mee at presint thank God vu'rt.

Tha naub'l hack yu've a dud way wan V——, an tha Bunny, shaws thit yu've a mine vur ta purmote an hinkurridge tha treade a tha zitty. Now a kuzz'n a mine, wan Dorrity Zlipzlop, ith a tuk in a kontrack vrim tha Borriks vur washin tha zaujers close, an hur want'h mee ta ax a yu if yu wid let hur hitch up a line vrim tha neck uv tha nu statty, tap a Norny, ta wan a trees be Capp'n H——s, jist ta hang owt a vu things. Tha ole dumman cant avord to pay ort, bit hur widd'n mine duing tha kownsils washing var drie months, vur nort, jist ez a zort a kinsiderashin like. Hur zartinly idd'n wan a tha Town Kownsil like Measter V——, bit hur wash'th var ziveril a thic boddy wom yu mit naw be tha vine gittin up a thare linnin.

An ess yer'd tha vokes zay az ess com'd pin thare zight—
 "Luk dee zee Measter Hogg—ha'll zit min aul vright,"
 I then tuk zom notes way a zlat an zom chalk,
 Uv a girt dayl a gibrish I yer'd in thare talk ;
 I muss zay that zom awm com'd out purty wul,
 Bit noan awmin thare a tal aykil'd mezul ;
 Vur arter zom time id bin wastid be aych,
 I rauze up an gid min tha volerin spaych ;
 I naw tiz rayportid moast cabical wul
 Vur a vury gud rayz'n, I dud et mezul.

Measter Hogg then stud vorrid an much'd down ez ching
 Gid tu ur dree kaufts wen ha tride ta begin,
 Bit vur vul haf a nower tha cheers wiz za lowd
 Thit ha cud'n du nort zeptin nad ta tha crowd ;
 Bit wen thay got hoced an wiz blaijed vur ta stap,
 A need'l ur pin mit be yer'd vur ta drap.
 Measter Mare, ha then zed, I'm most playz'd vur ta zee,
 Zeth ez Wurship, yu've rayly tha hadvantidge a mee,
 Zeth tha spayker, zur, 'low mer yer mim'ry ta jogg,
 I'm tha chap yu've yer'd tul aw za murch, Nathan Hogg.
 Zeth ez wurship, laur jayly ! my ivers ! now be ?
 I a zhor'ee, ma vrend, dith ma prowld vur ta zee ;—
 Ha'd a like ta zheake hans, vur ha yestl'd abowt,

I darezay tha tother ole washerhummen want be playz'd,
 bit if yu cud du vur Dorrity wat I ax, hur mit be abul ta teake
 tha nex kontrack et a hapmy less thin tothers cud du wat
 pays vur thare awn grown.

I be ginelman, yours aveckshinitly,

NATHAN HOGG.

P.S.—Dorrity jist raymind'th me, thit ef a zhow'r com'th
 aun et widd'n be murch moar trubble jist ta let Capp'n H—
 teake in tha close. Ez var ez a rayfuzil ez kinsarn'd, ef hur
 cant ha tha grown, hur'll be ablaijed ta du ez Measter V—
 dret'nd ta du—teake hur bisniss owt a tha zitty.

Bit wiz dring'd up za close tha a cud'n com owt.
 Zeth I, tother day, I jist drap'd ee a line
 Vur wan Dorrity Zlipzlop, a kuzz'n a mine,
 Vur ta let hur hang owt a vu things by em by
 Vrim tha neck a Sir Tommis's statty ta dry;
 An ta let Capp'n H——, ez tha trubb'l wiz zmal,
 Jist ta teake in tha close, ef a zhower shud val.
 Now I beg vur ta zay, zince I vraut thicky letter,
 Tha public hev meade mer kinsidder et better;
 Zo allow mer, yer Wurship an kownsil ta zay
 Thit I wish ta withdra wat I vraut tother day,
 An ef yu'd a let et, ur lend et, ur zole et,
 Ha muss be a himprint twoad thit wid hole et.
 (Yur tha cheerin bust owt in aul pairts like a vleame,
 An zom cal'd a pin V—— ta du jist tha zeame,)
 Tha spayker (that's mee) then kintenid ez spaych,
 An zeth measter Mare I beant gwayn ta praych,
 Bit wen thay tu kownsilmen shet up thare clatter
 I'll tul thur mee mine, in tu wurds, pin tha matter.
 (Yur tha Mare nack'd ez hammer an holler'd owt "stap!"
 Wen tha talkin an noyse most immaydytly drap.)
 Tha spayker (that's mee) then rayzum'd in a voyce
 Thit wid meake minny spaykers veel glad an rayjoyce;
 An zeth he Measter Mare, now kimplaynt ith bin meade
 Thit twiz jillizy, uny! be chaps uv tha treade?—
 Thit ez var ez tha Bunny's kinsarn'd, tiz aul talk,
 Vur a vury vu went thare ta yuz et ta walk!
 I've a likewise a yerd et hincraysis tha treade—
 Thit a biggerer kontrack wiz niver a meade,
 An et hath a bin argid most mortilly warm,
 Thit tha wurks wid'n du nat no gud nur no harm.
 Measter Mare an town kownsil, now hark'n ta mee,
 An I think this ez humbug yu'll vury zun zee;
 Thit et ez ez a shawd be tha vury vust vack
 Thit tha tothers be jillis ta zee zich a hack.

Now I zildim tend meetins, bee em big uns ur zmal,
 Bit I've læk'd pin this boddy's tha vather uv al,
 Uz duty's ta hack an purvent inny bother,
 An ta zee thit wan cheel beant moar vav'rd thin tother
 Treade jillisy uny? a passel a cant!
 I shüd like measter Mare vur ta naw wat thay want.
 Yu'll vine et tha gurtist mistake yu've a meade
 Ef yu git hinterveerin way wan tuthers treade.
 (Yur tha cheers wiz za lowd thit ma voyce wiz a drown
 Zo I thort vur a minnit I'd better zit down.)
 Wen I rauz'd aul tha pleace, vur ta yer wat I zayd,
 Aul ta wance becom zilent an still ez tha dayd.
 Then zeth I talk uv tinkrin himpruvn uv greens—
 Yur wurship id better tul that ta mureens,
 (This yur zayin wiz thort be most aul ta be cut,
 Ez thay shaw'd wiz tha keace be aul kickin thare vut.)
 Wat d'ee think then zed I, thit pore vokes got no mine
 Ta enjoy tha grass plats un vus aykilly vine?
 D'ee think thit thare noshin uv muzik's za dull
 Thit tha hamm'rin uv hiern wid du jist za wull?
 I think measter Mare yu wid differint vu't,
 Ef yu'd jist let mer gie thur a tun pin tha vlut.
 (Yur thay cheer'd mer agane an cal'd owt vur ta play,
 Bit I promish'd I'd du et ta zom vutur day.)
 Zeth I in tu wurd, I beg leeve ta kinklud,
 An I haup yu'll teake warnin be wat yu've a dud,
 An let tha vokes veelins be vust uv aul nawn,
 Bevaur yu've a lendid wat idd'n yur awn,
 Vur a chap yu may git, (ez ta day yu kin zee)
 Way nat haf za murch zens as Dorrity un mee.
 Hevin vinish'd I went vur ta mav vrim mee zayt,
 Bit laur! nat a minnit tha public wid wayt,
 Zo midst cheers, zich ez niver wis yer'd I veel zhore,
 I wiz car'd down tha strayt an rite hom ta vaur dore.

Expairginces ub Royalty.*

Uiver wid a thort thit wan,
 Like mee, wid be za girt a man
 Ez I've turn'd owt ta bee?
 A vu yurs zince, nat hørly naw'd,
 An now way neame aul zpred abrawd
 Ez iv'ry wan kin zee.

Uiver wid a thort, I zay,
 Thit I wiz baurn ta vrite away
 Za murch, an eet za wul ;—
 Ta lørn tha vokes zich cliver things,
 An then, ta zee how wul I brings
 Min aulzo aun ta spul.

Bit wats moar curyisser thin al,
 Ta think et shud ta mee beval
 Zich mighty vokes ta zee
 Es I've a zeed ; way tidd'n wan
 Uv thowzins, al druowt tha lan,
 Kin zay tha likes a mee.

Now ef *yu* uny chuz ta luk,
 Wen vust *yu* aup'n this yer buk,
 Thare starth'ee in tha veace ;—
 A Purnce Impairyil zort mer owt,
 Mee lørnin ta tul'n al abowt—
 Iss ! ackshly twaz tha kease.

* These recollections are founded on facts, and may be literally accepted when qualified by a foot note.

Wan maurnin arely I wiz hom,
 Wen way a nack a messige com,
 Ta zay thit I miss playze
 Ta measter Palmers hurry down;
 Wul zo I did an thare I vown
 A ginelmin et ayze.

Thick buk uv mine—yu naw tha wan—
 Ha'd got aul aup'n in ez han,
 I mine et vury wul;
 Ha zim'd hœdmirin way a zmile—
 An vur ta think et weth a wile—
 Thic picktur uv mezul.

Ha muv'd es hat, I pul'd mee hare,
 Drade aup ma mowth, (I zeed'n stare)
 An zhet'n vury zun;
 Ha'd got a hye jis like a hawk,
 Bit, laur a macy! wen ha spauk
 'Twiz muzic in tha tun.

Ez vigger et wis middlin tal,
 Ez mowth wiz nether girt nur zmal,
 Ez nawz wiz mortil gran;
 In vack ef yu'll bit uny zee
 Tha girt Napoleauns picter hee—
 'Th a got min tu tha man.

Zeth hee I want ta yer a vu,
 Zich purty spaykin chaps ez yu,
 Ta put thare talk in pirnt;
 Ha talk'd abowt tha u and a
 An lots a things, zeth I way la!
 Tha moast awt yu've a lirnt.

'Tiz uny vrim yer buk, dear zur,
 Ha zeth, bit cud yu tul ma wur
 Thit I cud yer et spauk?
 Iss vath I zeth, I zhorely can,
 (I tich'd ez butt'n haul way ma han)
 Zeth I com owt ta Stauk.*

I let min go bit I'll be daz!
 Ef I'd a noshin u ha waz
 Ontil ha went away;
 Bit stap! I be bevaur ma tale,
 Ha zed ha muss be auff be rayl,
 An thervaur cud'n stay.

Ha veel'd quite zorry—that a did!
 An ef ha'd time ha rayly wid,
 Go owt an yer min tul;
 Bit ef za be I'd turn tha zung
 Uv Zolamin intu my tung
 Ha'd pay ma vur et wul.

Wul, I agreed an way tha zeame,
 Ha tuk an went an vraut ez neame
 A pin tha cownter thare;
 An ez ha com'd an talk'd a bit,
 Pore Palmer zim'd tuk'd in a vit,
 An maze-like zim'd ta stare.

Zich mowthes, yu niver, thit ha meade,
 An aup'n wide ez jaws ha drade,
 Then pok'd ez vinger owt;
 Then aul ta wance et curr'd ta mee
 Ha wantid mer zummat ta zee,—
 Wat waz et aul abowt?

* Stoke Canon.

Tha ginelmin then rauz'd ez hat,
 I cud'n du tha likes a that,
 Becuz mine wadd'n aun ;
 Ha went owt way jaynteel stap,
 Pore Palmer u wiz vit ta drap
 Zeth zauffly " Ez er gaun ? "

Zeth he " way darn yer stupid wig,
 Thee diss'n naw how mort'l big
 Ha ez thits jist agaun ! "
 Zeth I " way wat d'ee tul aw now ? "
 Zeth he " haf law yu did'n bow—
 Tiz Purnce Napoleaun."

" Git owt ! " zeth I, " Tis, vath ! " zeth he,
 Now uny jist luk yer an zee,
 Daunt be a zimpl zaul ;
 I rayd ez neame " Aw, wat a gauk !
 I ax'n ta go owt ta Stauk—
 An tich'd ez butt'n haul ! "

Zeth Palmer—iss, I zeed'ee du't !
 An tride ta meak'ee yer ma vut,
 Bit, no, yu widd'n yur !
 Wan thing's howiver weth a wile—
 I zeed'n gie a plezint zmile
 Wen thit yu went za vur.

Wul now I muss com tu a end,—
 Tha wurk ess promish'd hom I zend,
 Wat com'd awt yu kin zee ;
 Ef, ez I zed, yu'll uny luk
 Jist et tha aup'nin uv this buk,
 Yu need'n ax a mee !

Bevaur I stap I tul'ee wat,
 I've zeed tha Purnce zix times zince that
 An this yer zims ta mee—
 Ef zom uv ovr pore stick'd up chaps
 Cud zee min thay wid larn wat (praps)
 A ginelman shud bee.

Now hevin tole thur moar thin wance,
 How vust I naw'd tha Purnce a Vrance,
 Mee tale I'll korry vore ;
 An arter yu've a yer'd ma tul
 Abowt anuther Purnce, ez wul,
 I'll tul tha zummat moar.

Wul then, agane, et Kirt'n town,
 Wen I wiz hom ta Exter bown,
 Nat vury long ago,
 I got intu a korridge, thare
 An zeed a boy way aulburn hare,
 An veace thit waz zo-zo.

I zot down tap tha kushin'd zayt,
 An thort et luk'd most cruel nayt
 Vur zeck'nd class avare ;
 I drade up in tha caunder vlat,—
 Thinks I, I'll aup'n up a chat
 Way thay thare covys thare.

Tu ginelman wiz way tha lad,
 I thort et mit ha bin ez dad—
 Ez hunkel praps ez wul ;
 Vur wan awm com'd ta ware I zot—
 Zeth hee ta mee "Ess dree hev got
 This korridge tu ourzul.*

* The 1st Class Saloon Carriage into which Nathan entered by mistake, the Crediton functionaries, not being advised of the quality of their 1st class passengers, having unlocked the door.

"Wat au awmin?" I then rayplied—
 Way dree uv'ee cant zhorely ride
 In aul tha zayts ta wance;
 A zmile then com'd acrass ez veace,
 "Aw, now, I zed," I zee tha keace—
 Yu larn thic boy ta dance!"

I rayly thort thay wid a zplit,
 An wæn awmin wiz blaijed ta zit—
 Zeth hee yu've "zolv'd tha riddle!"
 Zo now yu naws aul yu kin naw,
 Gud mournnin t'ee—'zeth I wul, law!
 Rum dancin way no viddle!*

Wul, thinking wat I zed wiz tru,
 I zeth, way nat no moar ta du,
 Wul zoce I wish'ee wul!
 Tha boy ha laf'd an gied a nad
 Zo did ez hunkel an ez dud—
 I dud tha zeame mezul.

Wul zun tha trayn ta Exter com,
 I vury quick got owt therevrom,
 Wen, laur a macy mee!
 A lot a vokes stud hat in han,
 (Shud zay, et layst, twiz veefty wæn
 Ta wulkim thicky dree.

Thay bow'd an scrap'd an layd min tu
 A rum ware way a girt ta du,
 A leb'ner wiz praypar'd;
 Bit wen thay tole mer, aw I'm daz!
 U thicky boy an tu men waz
 My ivers how I stared!

* There is some reason to fear that Nathan has been following the example, in this instance, of a great literary predecessor—indulging in "Imaginary conversation."

Wul *U* dee think wiz thicky dree
 Thit nadded *an* thit talk'd ta mee
 Wen in tha *car* I'd been?
 (Twiz *nat* ez hunkel ur ez *dad*)—
 Purnce Auther wiz thic litt'l *lad*
 Tha zin *uv* our Queen.

I thort ta zee min dress'd za vine,
 An thit way *guld'n* things ha'd zhine,
 Bit laur, et wadd'n zo!
 Ez *var* ez wat ha *ad awm* goze,
 Ha hadd'n aun no better cloze
 Thin our yung Measter Joe.

In *vack* ez *var* ez outwird zhaw
 A pin me wurd *yu* widd'n naw
 Thit iver *yu'd* a zeen—
 (Wayout a bit a *guld'n* brayd,
 Ur vethers a pin *tap* ez haid)
 Tha zin *uv* our Queen.

I tole thur, wen I'd *dud* thic tale,
 Playze *gudniss* thit I widn vayl
 A *zummat* moar tu tul,
 Abowt tha Royal vokes Ive zeed,—
 I'll now *du* wat I zed I wid—
 Tis bowt tha Queen hurzul.

I nivir shill vurgit, *wan* day,
 Wile *lukin* owt pin Plimmith zay—
 Twiz back in veefty-vow'r;
 Tha guns wiz zhettin neer *an* *var*
 Till, *vath*, I thort I'd gaun to war
 Tha powd'r *ad* zich pow'r.

I'd most begin ta luk abowt
 Ta zee zom way ta vight et owt
 Ez zaujers auft ta du,*
 Wen, aul ta wance, zich cheers arauz
 Ez iver com'd vrim humin jaws—
 I join'd in tha balu.

A lot uv zhips com'd steemin in—
 Twiz zed thit wan awm car'd tha Queen,
 “My hyes,” zeth I “lets zee!”
 I shuv'd aun an luk'd aul aroun
 In haups, ez upwirds they wiz bown,
 Tha guld'n crown ta zee.

In vack I kain'd vrim deck to deck,
 Ontil I neerly crick'd ma neck
 Nat yus'd ta zich avares;
 I ax'd a chap thare, playze ta gie
 A noshin ware tha Queen id bee,—
 Ha zed hur'd gaun down stairs.

Ha'd zeed hur crown et waz za bright
 Ez if way cannels aul alight—
 Wid I go long way hee?
 Twiz uny jist owt tu Mownt Wize,
 A place ha zed hur alwis lize—
 Ware hur I'd zhore ta zee.

Uz went zom way, ha mead a stap,
 An zeth ta mee “I zay old chap—
 Tis better ta take care!
 Ist got ort vallyble about?
 Cuz ey yu ha jist teake et owt—
 Thares lots uv prigs owt thare.

* It will be seen by reference to Nathan's former work that he was then serving his country as a Militiaman.

Ha drade ez waiscote aup'n wide,
 An shuv'd a watch an puss inzide,
 Wul that I zeth *ez* cut!
 I thort tha chap wiz cruel kine,
 Ta *ax* ef ha shud put in mine,
 An zo I let min du't.

Wul *zun* ess raych'd owt *tu* Mownt Wize,
 An zich a mob wiz thare, my hyes!
 Ez scace wiz iver zeen;
 Tha ships wiz lyin down below,
 An *vath* et *waz* a purty zhaw,
 Bit ware zeth I's tha Queen?

I turn'd, raysayvin no rayply,
 "Darnation zayz'n," zing'd owt I,
 "Ware's thicky vuller gaun?
 Ha'th got ma munny, an ma puss,
 Likewise tha watch—a girt dayl wuss—
 Vur thicky wadd'n ma awn."

Wul, auf I zot ta *zarch'n* owt,
 Bit *arter* ramlen aul abowt,
 Ta cut tha story zhort,
 I niver zeed'n vrom thic day,
 Tha uny thing thit I kin zay
 Ez "Wit bort ez wit tort."

I stay'd et hom tha next *tu* days,
 Zeth I, "tha Queen may go hur ways,
 Vur aul tha likes a mee;"
 Bit hevin yer'd hur wid unbark
 Ta go an luk et Zaltrim Park,
 Thort I, I'll go an zee.

Wul up I went a mile ur *tu*,
 An voun thit *wat* I yer'd wiz *tru*,
 Vur hunderds thare I zeed ;
 Tha ginelvoks wiz *stüd* inzide,
 Wile crass tha creek, tha tother zide,
 Wiz *navvys*, ur thic breed.

Then zidd'nly thare rauz'd a cry,
 Thit zim'd ta ayko *dru* tha sky,
 " My ivers," yers tha Queen !
 Tha vlag wiz vlyin in tha park,
 Twiz thort thit hur wid thare unbark,
 Bit laur ! thay *waz* tuk'd in.

Bevaur *cud* zay Jack Rabinzin !
 Tha royal bote wiz urnin in,
 Tha common vokes among ;
 Tha zaylers meade a bungle awt,
 Et layst, I spoze twiz thare vawt
 Cuz Queens cant *du* no wrong.

Iss, vath ! int*u* tha creek thay urn'd,
 An zich a zight, aw, I'll be burn'd !
 Bevaur wiz niver zeen ;
 Up auver a girt ruff stoan wal,
 Tha zaylers *waz* ablayjed ta hal,
 Be foce our naub'l Queen.

Purnce Albert got up be ez zul
 Tha litt'l purnces *dud* ez wul,
 An wen thay got up tap,
 My ivers ! *twaz* a purty job,
 Vur thare wiz aul a*wm* in tha mob,
 An *cud'n* *muv* a stap.

Tha zaylers zing'd owt, " com I zay,
 Du, vur hur Majesty meake way,"
 An ulbaw'd tu en vra ;
 Tha Queen hang'd pin tha Purnce's lift,
 Wile way ez rite arm ha meade shift
 Hur Majesty ta dra.

Tha litt'l Purnces scral'd along
 Way difficulty dru tha throng,
 A laffin, vit ta zplit ;
 Thay zim'd ta think " Laur macy mee !
 Now idd'n this a mort'l spree,
 Thit ess daunt auff'n git."

Wul arter a girt dayl ta du,
 Thay manidgd vur ta ulbaw dru,
 An raych tha tuther zide ;
 Kinveyinces wiz stannin thare—
 Dree korridges, I think, an pair—
 Ta teake min vur a ride.

Thay stap'd a minnit, praps, ur tu,
 An thare I cort a purty vu
 Uv aul tha Royal voke ;
 Tha Queen zim'd cruel owt a pleace,
 I niver zeed za urd a veace—
 Hur cud'n zee tha joke.

Hur zartinly nad tu tha crowd,
 Bit wan cud zee be how ur bow'd,
 Hur did'n like et wul ;
 My ivers ! u wid hev a thort
 Thit Kings an Queens id tempers ort
 Like wat I got mezul ?

Tha yung wans *tu*, way Royal blid,
Dud jist ez tother child'm wid,
 Zeth I, wul girt ur *zmal*,
 Tiz playn thit Purnces Kings an Queens,
 Be jist like iny uther beens—
 Bit *human arter al*.

I thort, *uv cus*, ta zee tha Queen
 Like *wat* I ha in pickters zeen,
 Way zepter, crown, an vur:—
 Hur wared a bunnet meade a *stra*,
 In *vack*, I've zeed moar vinery, la!
 Apin a dressmaker.

Wul, wen thay *ad* a zetl'd down,
 Thay aul aw'm drauv up *dræ* tha groun,
 Ta *luk et Zaltrim* howze;
 Now *wance* up *tu* thic pleace I'd bin,
 Thinks I I'll meake a zhorter rin,
 An cut acress tha mowz.

I *dud* et, an com'd up abowt
 Tha time ta ketch min comin owt,
 An walkin *tap* tha green;
 An now an then up close I'd hike—
 I *cud* a tich'd, ef I'd a like,
 Tha gearmint uv tha Queen.

Thare *wadd'n* moar thin *tu* ur dree,
 Besides tha Royal vokes an mee,
 An wen I *muv'd* mee *hat*
 Hur *nadded* way a purty *zmile*,
 Thort I, "way in 'a litt'l wile,
 Hur wid'n mine a chat."

Laur ! wat a change thare ez zeth I,
 Ta wan tha vokes a stännin by—
 Tha urd wiz aul agaun,
 An now hur veace wiz zuant quite—
 Et wadd'n nether urd nur wite,
 Bit zweet ta luk apon.

Thay drauv away jist ez thay com,
 An vury likely zun got hom,
 I wadd'n thare ta zee ;
 Bit I kin zay vur aul an wance,
 A vury vu hev ad tha chance
 Ta zee tha Queen like mee.

Wul, now I hev a dud ma ryme,
 I nivr zeed hur zince thic time,
 Bit aw, I've rayd uv hur !
 I naw tha change thit hur'th a zeen,
 Et com'th ta labrer an ta Queen,
 Zo long's thay torry yur.

Wan awmin thit I zeed com vore,
 Vrim thicky barge, ez now no moar,
 An tu eth morrid been ;
 Way veelin hart I kin bit zay,
 " Wile in this wurdle hur mit stay,
 God's blessins pin tha Queen ! "

MUCKSY LANE.

A Gost Story.

Nat minny miles vrim Kirton Town,
 (A pleace yu naw uv girt raynown,)

Thare ez a way thits niver clayn,
 Cal'd be tha vullidge "Mucksy Lane,"
 Za awvul wet, an vul a mucks,
 Thit tidd'n vit vur pigs nur ducks;
 An ef et waz tiz trubbl'd zo
 Thit neaste tha spot thay dars'n go.
 Vur yurs an yurs, I've yer'd et toule,
 Way ghosts tiz vul ez et kin hole,
 An auff way vright ma hairth a stud
 Ta yer tha things thits thare a dud:
 Bit vust I bleeve et ez tha keace
 Ez yuzhil ta dayzcribe tha pleace.
 Wul, now I think 'I shant be vrong
 Ta zay et ez a myell long,
 An vul za narra ez a ditch—
 In vack kin meake yer tu hans titch
 Pin tap tha hedges hud's a graw'd
 Za thick thit hang'th acrass tha rawd,
 Zo thit tha zin kin niver com,

Bit ez inti-er zhet owt thervrom ;
 An vurdermore tiz vul a zlotter,
 An dree pairts auver shu in wotter ;
 Zo thee mit's guess twid be a trapse
 Vor ort indud way mort'l shapse ;
 Zo vury zildim, nite nur day,
 Be vokes zeed walkin thicky way,
 Exzep pin times wen thay'm foce put
 An blaidg'd ta meake a zhorter cut ;
 Bit dru thic lane za zhore's thay'd pass,
 Thay wid zom ayvil com acrass ;
 In vack I've yerd ma granfer zay
 Thit wance ha com'd dru thic thare way,
 Wile bringing hom zom eggs an butter,
 Wen zomthin hat min in tha gutter ;
 Ha niver yer'd no zite nur zoun
 Till thare nex maurnin ha wiz voun : —
 Zom zed ha'd drink'd, bit twadd'n tru,
 Ha wadd'n no moar drunk thin yu.
 Wul, now jist et tha tother end,
 Uv Mucksy Lane, thare ez a bend
 Thit layd'th intu a lot a mowze
 An thare stan'th up a ruin'd howze
 Ware, ef a hunder'd pown yu'd give,
 No crayt'r, now, wid dare ta live ; —
 Twiz quite anuff ta yer—aw laur !—
 Thar tales thit liv'd thare yurs aaur.
 Tha last now lives pin ower heel—
 Tam Chidley an ez wive an cheel,—
 Ur nat ez cheel vur I shud zay
 Hur wadd'n baurn in thic thare day.
 I've yer'd min zay, wen vust thay went
 Ta live thare, zich a awvul zent
 (Bowt twulve a clock) wid zhet in dru
 Tha kriveces an kay haul tu,

Thit Tam an hur id auff'n urn'd
 Owt does vur veer thay shud be burn'd ;
 An dru tha rum thare wid be zich
 A nasty zmul an vum an zmitch,
 An wen thare lite thay wid put tu,
 Tha cannell aul zim'd burnin blu ;—
 Zom zed weniver et wid rayn,
 Tha zmul wid rish up dru tha drayn ;—
 Yu'll zay wen aul ma story's owt :
 Twiz spurrits tryin ta stink em owt :
 Now vindin this wurk widd'n sar,
 Tha spurrits dud moar wisser var,
 An tride be knæck an crake an zlam,
 Ta vrighten an ta dray've owt Tam :
 No zuner wid min be en baid
 An tap tha piller ress thare haid,
 Thin thare wid turn up zich a rattle
 As ef whole urgmints was ta battle ;
 Anuff ta turn, ez up Tam zot,
 Moast ivry drap a blid ha'd got.
 An zom times in tha dayd a nite
 Thay luk'd an zeed a dredful zite.
 Vul in tha curt thare waz a stud,
 A faymale vorm—za hard's hur cud—
 A zinging aun way zich a noyze,
 Yu niver yer'd vrim human voyze,
 An wen tha winder up ha vling'd,
 This yers tha zong ha zed hur zing'd :—

Wy are I dum'd ta zich despare,
 Ta wander in tha midnite air,
 Wayowt no hundercote nur hoze,
 In vack, entier wayowt no cloze.

Aw ! I kil'd me luv in yers gaun bye,
 An yer I are accordinlye.

Iss! I be bown vur ta bide an stare
 Dree times a wick et thick chimber thare,
 An if in case iny thare dith zlayp,
 Aw! I be bown vur ta sife an wayp,
 Vur I kil'd ma luv in yers gaun bye,
 An now I'm punish'd accordinlye.

Iss, zhore, tis a vack, wat I now zay,
 I mix'd zum puyz'n in ez tay,
 An tho twadd'n naw'd, niver since I have
 Bin abul ta zlayp in mee zilent grave.
 Aw! warnin teake be wat I zay,
 Niver puyz'n put in yer luvyer's tay.

No zuner ad hur stap'd hur tone,
 Than auff hur pitch'd ta sife an grone,
 An ivry minnit gied owt zitch
 A dredful, awvul, zort a skritch;
 An in thic spot, ur vurry nee'rt,
 Hur'd stap (ees vath!) till up cockleert.
 Wul, arter Tam id larn'd tha zong,
 Ta change ez rum ha wad'dn long,
 An thare tha Gost went in ta zlayp,
 Vur Tam's wive yerd hur sife an wayp;
 Zom zed et wadd'n no zich thing,
 Thit varmer Bazzel's mayde wid vling
 A zheet aroun hur vorm, an how,
 'Long way hur chap hur'd crass tha mow,
 An wen tha winder up thay vling'd,
 Hur t'waz thit sif'd an gron'd an zing'd.
 Tam auf't ta naw thit yerd tha zong,
 An now wul zwear tha vokes wis vrong;
 Vur, ez Tam zeth "zich zounds, I'm drat,
 How du min try ta cownt vur that?
 Ud yer'd tha tun thay zun wid naw't,
 Cud niver com vrim aithly draut.

Bit this beant aut thit wuz tha bane
 Uv this yer hauntid Muxy Lane.—
 Tha ghosts, thay wid'n bin za bad
 (Tho bad thay bee), ef Zat'n ad
 Nat in moast cruel, awvul zhapse,
 Ezzul tuk'd up ta drayve an trapse.
 Bit zo a did an macy mee!
 I vancy now ez haf I zee,
 An pitchvork an ez eye uv vi-er,
 Aul vrizzin ez a trayd'th tha mi-er,
 Wan time ha com'd a girt black dog,
 An bulchid vore a vi-ery vog,
 An wen wan nite yung Rabin Vinch
 Wiz comin dru, no nat a ninch
 Ez veet cud mu in thay thare rucks,
 Up tu ez ank'ls in tha mucks,
 An wile way darkniss ha wiz blend,
 Tha black dog cort'n hole behend;
 Ha skritch'd an pul'd way girt ta du,
 Till Zat'ns vangs zim'd ta brayk dru,
 Wen auf ha urn'd an niver stap
 Till ha wiz rayly vit ta drap;
 An wen ha tuk ez zmal things auf,
 Tha zmul a burmstoan meade min kauff;
 An ware ole Zat'ns vangs id urn'd,
 Et luk'd ez ef et ad bin burn'd;
 An pin a pleace (inzide ez zmals)
 Ess must nat neame, ha vown dree scals,
 Zom zed twiz varmer B's dog "Zhip,"
 Thit dud et—thay dezav'd tha wip!—
 Tam's naw et wadd'n quite za smal,
 Ez nat ta tul a bite vrim scal.
 Anuther time et dayd a nite,
 Will Mugvord zeed a dredvul zite,
 An ha's a chap yu may zware by,

Vur, eet, ha'th niver tole a lie ;
 I've yer'd min zay ez blid wid curdle
 Ta du't—ha cud'n vur tha wurdle.
 Wan nite (I've yer'd tul tha tale)
 Ha'd bin ta town an drink'd ez ale,
 An comin hom be thicky pleace,
 Ha yer'd way zich a zolem peace,
 Zom hosses clatter dru tha mi-er,
 Wich tiz'd, an vriz'd ez ef a vi-er ;
 Ha got intu tha veeld ta zee,
 Wen thare, ha zeed,—aw macy mee !—
 Pin lakin down intu tha raud,
 A heace an murnin coches draw'd,
 Way hosses thit ad got no haid—
 Will niver veel'd za murch avray'd,
 Vur pin tha vust, iss vath ! thare lide,
 A humman dress'd in wit, owtzide,
 An ivry stap along tha way,
 Zingin abowt tha puyz'nd tay :
 Tam Chidley zeed hur thic zeame nite,
 Which zhaw'd Will Mugvord in tha rite.
 Tha drayvers pin tha furmt hoss zot,
 An nat a haid id wan awm got ;
 An aul awm zhet out zich a zent,
 Thit Will val'd auff tha hadge quite vent,
 An thare ha lide in wan tha mowz
 Till maurnin com, ta vetch tha cowz ;
 Thay vown'n like a hadgehog roll'd,
 Moast daid an steevin way tha cold,
 Thay tuk'n hom, put min ta baid,
 Bit hee vur days wiz auff ez haid,
 In vack, ha'd zit an kick an kauff,
 A zwarin thit ez haid wiz auff.
 Twiz zed, both in an owt a church,
 Thit Will id ad a drap tu murch,

An stid a zeein wat ha zaid,
 Ha'd uny jist bin picksy laid ;
 Bit twadd'n tru, vur wat dee think,
 Ha'd uny ad aight quarts ta drink,
 Uv zyder, (I beleeev ez tale)
 Besides thic single quart uv ale ;
 Uny a vair allowince, that,
 Way twid'n skacely harm a cat !

Wul, now anuther keace I'll tull,
 Uv wat ta Roger Vlint bevul,
 Bezide thic Mucksy Lane :—Nat now,
 Bit zom time back, ha'd got a mow ;
 Ez vokes id bin thare aul tha day,
 Along way hee, a makin hay ;
 An Roger thort, ta git et vore,
 Ha'd stay an puk up zummat moar.
 Wul, thare ha stay'd till vury late,
 Wen aul ta wance, rite auver geate,
 A vigger jump'd, ha zeed'n du't,
 An naw'd 'n zun's a zeed ez vut ;
 Wul, arter'n urn'd a pack a houns,
 Thit bulchid vire, twiz playn, be zouns,
 Thit graw'd tæ a unaithly yul,
 Thay'd uny jist comd up vrim—wul !
 Bit niver mine I veel ma veace
 Tæ viery git to tul tha pleace.
 Now, skace a minnit did hur luk,
 Bevaur et strik'd'n bout a puk,
 An ez on com'd tha cuss a man,
 Ha zhet ez body under wan,
 An thare ha lide, wile uppermust,
 Ez zayt, uv cus, wiz com'd tæ vust ;
 Laur ! zidd'nly, thare tap awn val'd,
 A vut za hot, thit Roger scal'd
 Za bad, thit vur a midlin bit,

Ha *cud*'n nether lie nur zit ;
 Et vollems *zpauk* vur min, thit hee
Cud *muster* kurrige vur ta bee
 Za ayzy, *an nat* lowdly *cal*
 Direc thit ha raysayv'd tha *scal* :
 Ez *muv*mints widd'n *sqwat* a egg,
 In *vack*, ha didd'n *muv* a peg ;
 Ontil bim bye, brave vuller, hee
 Begin ta kainy owt *an zee*,
 Detamind vur ta bide ez heff,
 Ontil no skiddick *awm* wiz leff ;
 Then up a got, *an hom* a scrald,
An tuk ta bayd, zo thit (*iss vay*)
 Ha *cud*'n rize vur *tu'r* dree day ;
 Tiz strange wat *vuls* thare bee in live—
 Now, thic thare *vulish* zex'ns wive
 Zed Roger'd drink'd a cupple *qwart*
 A zyder moar thin thit ha ort,
 Lide down, *an vorty* winks ha *tuk*,
 An, wile ha *zlayp*'d benayth tha *puk*,
 A dreem wiz urnin in ez haid,
 Thit ha wiz zeein wat ha zaid,
 An et tha time, thic warm thit's blend,
 (A *zlawwarm*,)* sting'd 'n irt behend ;
 An, vurder-moar, (*hur ed*, et zeems)
 Com'd jist ta wurk in way ez dreems ;
 An dreemin zich a curyiss thing,
 Wiz wak'd thic minit way tha sting ;
 Bit, *dang* ma butt'ns, arter *al*,
 A sting beant nort *tal* like a *scal*,
 An, vurder-moar, *hur can't* be vrite—
 How *cud* a *blendwarm* zee ta bite? .

* The Slow-worm is, by the rustic population of our county generally supposed to be blind.

Now things id com za mort'l bad
 Tam rayly thort ha shud git mad,
 Wen zidd'nly ez wive kinsayv'd
 A way, thay thort, ta be relayv'd :
 Hur voreway zend ta Pass'n Giles,
 U uny liv'd a cupple myels,
 Vur hee ta com direckly, most,
 Ta zee ef hee cud lie tha gost ;
 Tha nite thit hur wiz dæ ta com,
 Tha Pass'n way ez vutmin Tom,
 Com'd owt ta Tam's, an thare thay bide,
 Tha winder drade aul aup'n wide ;
 An zhore anuff, et twulve a'clock,
 Tha gost hur stæd thare like a stock,
 An in tha glimmer uv tha mæn,
 Agane strik'd up hur awvul tæ ;
 Tha Pass'n then put aun ez gown,
 Tam zed ha spos'd ha wid go down,
 Tha Pass'n bid min hole ez bæ,
 Vur twid'n be no yus a tal,
 Ta go za close, zo then ha zed—
 (An owt a winder put ez haid)
 " Yung humman, be wat mort'l rite
 Dist thee com yer nite arter nite ? "
 Ha ax'd hur zivril times, bit, no !
 Hur wid'n nether spayk nur go ;
 Tha Pass'n then stap'd back abit,
 An tole ez vutmin vur ta git
 A tub a watter, wich ha dud,
 An way et be tha winder stæd ;
 Tha Pass'n, then ha meade a crass,
 An zed, " be quick an dra et vass ; "
 When zidd'nly, wayout adæ,
 Ha pitch'd tha tub-vul rite owt dru,
 An way zich foce ez ærm ha z'witch'd,

Thit aul aw't *tap* tha spurrit pitch'd,
 My ivers! *zich* a howl hur gied,
 An auf hur urn'd way veervul zpeed;
 Tha Passn way a zolem vow,
 Zed hur wiz gaun vur iver now,
 An arter gwayn down pin ez nees,
 Zot down an ayt zom burd'n cheese;
 Then hom ha went, an nat avrayd,
 Tam an ez wive went up ta bayd;
 Bit scacely ad they zhet thare hyes
 Bevaur thay yer'd tha zulf zeame cries,
 An then thare com'd a awvul crash—
 Tha Gost, tha chimber winder zdash;
 Tam an ez missus then jump'd owt—
 Put owt thare hayd an luk'd abowt,
 Bit nat a vorm wiz ta be zeed,
 Tha gost thit dud et ad a vloed.
 Twiz zed by zilly voks ez how,
 Jan Bazzel's may'd urnd *tu* tha mow,
 An thit hur man, hide in tha grass,
 Com'd in direct an brauk tha glass;
 Bit how, I ax, cud that be tru,
 Wen nat a stone com'd iver dru,
 Bezides vur nites long arter that
 Zich noyze thit gosts cud only hat,
 Wiz yerd dru chimley, winder, dore,
 Tam veel'd twid niver stap no moar,—
 In vack ha got in zich a vright
 Thit aul ez narv wiz dud outrite;
 An bee tha Doctors awders hee
 Wiz blaijed vrim thicky houze ta vlee.
 I've zed now thit pin ower heel,
 Ha's livin way ez wive an cheel;
 I've tole tha truth, bit if za bee,
 Yu daunt think zo jist ax a hee.

Wul, now ma tale I must kinclud,
 Be zaying wat wiz arter dud ;
 Tu wit-wiches vrim Exter Town
 Wiz cal'd ta lie ole Zat'n down ;
 Thay dud zom things an got thare pay
 An then quite zartin went away,
 Thit thay'd a lide aul ayvils down ;
 Bit macy me untu this day
 Tis pruv'd twiz munny drade away,
 An if yu'd wish ta zee tha zite,
 Jist in the lane bit zlayp wan nite ;
 If thicky thing yu'll uny du
 Yu'll think aul I've a zed ez tru ;
 Wich hevin zed I zay,—adu !

Measter Hogg in a Turkey Bath.

I zaid avaur thit I wid give,
 That ez ef time wid let mer live,
 Wich, thank tha Laurd, et hath,
 A zort a noshin ontu yu,
 Uv wat a vrend an me went dru,
 Wile in a Turkey Bath.

Nat veelin auver wul wan day
 A vrend a mine zeth, " Wat dee zay
 Ta teake a Turkey Bath ? "
 " A Turkey Bath," zeth I, " wat's that ? "
 Zeth hee " Et lessen'th down yer vat ; "
 Zeth I, " Nat I, no vath ! "—

"Way aiv'n now I be za thin
 Thit like a rishlite I've a bin
 Vur aighteen munths ur zo!
 D'ee think I want ta zwet ta nort,
 An drippy like a bladder a mort
 Hæng'd be tha vi-er? Aw no!"

Zeth hee, "Now daunt be zich a vul!
 A chap way wom I went ta skul
 Ad wan tha tother day;
 An wen ha com'd out arter that
 Ha zed ez how ha cud jump, scat,
 Auver a rick a hay."

"Ef that's a vack," zeth I, "wull vath!"
 I'll go an ha a Turkey Bath;
 Vurnashin sayz ma wig!
 Wen harviss com'th an I go hom,
 Way thicky jump, I'll vright'n zom
 An want min think ma big?"

Wul auf ez zot, ma vrend an I,
 Ta ware tha Turkey places lie,
 Pin tap a David's heel;
 Ess went intæ a geard'n thare,
 Ware watter play'd up in tha hare,
 Out dru a pipe a steel.

Thic pipe wiz urnin aul aroun
 An drade tha watter, tap tha groun,
 In a moast purty way;
 Zeth I, "Wat meak'th 'n turn abowt
 An dra tha watter in en out?"
 Zeth hee, "Wul, I shæd zay

Tha vuller's turnin aw'n inzide ;
 Tis tap a thicky pipe yu'll ride,
 Tha vust thing thit yu'll du."
 Zeth I, "Aw ez et? I'll be dal!
 Ef yu ketch mee up thare ta val
 In zich a aup'n vu?"

I zeed'n laff, zeth he, "Com aun,
 Twiz uny jist a bit a vun."
 An wen ess drade up ni-er,
 A chap com'd out an bee ez way
 Ha tuk'd ess vur (zo I shud zay!)
 A naub'lmin an squire.

Ess went in zide an told'n how
 Ess waz com'd up—ha gied a bow—
 Ta ha a Turkey Bath;
 "Iss zoce?" ha zed, way out ta du,
 "Thare's dressin rums vur both a yu."
 Zeth I, "Laur, ez thare vath?"

Wul, in ess went, twiz vury nayt,
 An drade me things down pin tha zayt,
 An zun id got noan awn;
 Ess tide a apr'n roun ma waste,
 An went outzide wen, way girt haste,
 I voun ma vrend wiz gaun.

Out com'd tha chap an shaw'd ma vore
 Intu a rum way hu'dn vlore,
 An tole ma tu zit down;
 So down a pin a chare I zot
 An veer'd, et waz za mort'l hot,
 I shud a val'd ta groun.

Bit *zun* ess got yews'd ta tha hait,
An laynj'd quite nice bæck in tha zayt,
 A raydin aw tha *nuz* ;
 Ess *zun* got in a blessed yet
An then my eyes ! down urn'd tha *zwet*
 In big draps moast *purfuz*.

I *zun* wiz blaijed ta *zayce* ta rayd,
 Tha draps urn'd down ma veace *an* haid,
 An iv'ry uther zide,
 Pin *tap* tha paper, til et *luk'd*
 Ez if *yu ad* a bin *an tuk'd*
 An got thic paper vried.

Ez vur *mezul*, ess *zwet* za *vast*,
An thort thit long et cud'n last
 Ef thit tha hait got hi-er ;
 Ez vur ma vrend ha'd *zwettin* been
 Ontil ha *luk'd* a long sixteen
 Hang'd up bevaur tha vi-er.

Wul *zun* tha vuller thit wiz put
 Ta *luk* ta us, wiz blaijed ta cut,
 An auff ez dress ha *vlings* ;
An wen ha com bæck ware ez zot,
 Ha zed tha kay ess *ad* vurgot
 Uv ware ess keep'd our things.

Ha didd'n think *wat* ha wiz bout
An com'd ta mee *an* hold'n owt—
 Zeth I, " Bee *yu* za green
 Ta think I bant like *yu* a drade,—
 Thit natur ith a bin *an* meade
 Zom pokkits in ma skin ? "

Ha hong'd'n up agin tha wal,
Then hee, ess zul turn'd tu ta val
 A zwettin way ess tu ;
Aw! niver zhure wiz zich a reace,
Et layst in iny aithly pleace,
 Uv zwetin dru an dru.

Wul twenty minnits thare ess stap'd,
Ontil anuff ess ad a drap'd,
 Ur wat tha chap thort vit ;
Then in anuther rum ess went,
I thort I shud a val'd down vent,
 Ez down ess triide ta zit.

Tha chare wiz graw'd za mort'l hot
Thit, vrit'nd zore, I quickly got
 Pin tap ma legs agane ;
An lakin roun mee vrend ta zee,
I quickly zeed thit alzo hee
 Wiz zufferin girt payn.

Ha urn'd out in tha tother pleace,
An laur! wiz meakin zich a veace,
 Vur hee wiz scal'd tha wiss ;
Ha zed ha tort tha skin wiz brauk,
An then no zuner id ha spauk
 Bevaur ha'd gin ta twiss.

Wul, wen zom waz a drade,
An both tha zaytz wiz culer meade,
 Down in em then ess zot ;
Zeth I, " Ole chap lets ha a drink !
How long now wul et bee, dee think,
 Avaur ess gits urd hot ?

Vur in a vair way ess he vur't ;
 Way, arter this, a vuller's zhirt
 Want zit pin tap ez back ;
 An aul tha nayt things thet ess wared,
 Wen ess com'd in, et may be zwared
 Ull vit ess like a zack."

Wul, aul to wance I gied a luk,
 An thort I rayly shud a tuk
 An val'd auf vrom mee zayt.
 Thare waz mee vrend a awvul vu—
 Green pink, an yellor, urd an blu—
 Zeth I, "Yur! ! stap tha hait! !"

Zeth both, "Wat ez tha metter way?"
 "Way dammet stap tha hait I zay!!!
 Be blend, ur kiss'n zee?
 Ha'th got tha Kolra safs a nit,
 An uny wait a litt'l bit
 A day'd man ha'll bee."

"Laur?" zeth tha man, u ad stap'd vore,
 "How yu've a vrighten'd ma be zhore—
 I skace kin muv a stap ;
 D'ee zee thic culler'd winder thare
 Wul wat yu zee ez bit tha glare
 Thit pin yer vrend ith drap."

I veel'd raylayv'd, pirtickler wen
 I zeed tha culler'd panes, an then
 Zot down ta zwet wance more ;
 Vur I beleeeve thit, way tha vright,
 Tha draps id stap'd thare urnin qwite,—
 Yu laffs, bit thay ad zhore!

Wul, zun agane, za big ez pays
 Thay urn'd, I'm zhore, and didn' zayce
 Vur haf a nower ur moar ;
 Ma vrend (vur ha wiz dud tha vust)
 Wiz tole ez how thit plaze ha must
 Ta tuther rum stap vore.

Wul, in ha went, I voller'd zun,
 An thare ez waz in thicky rum
 Vur twenty minnits zit ;
 Thiz wiz tha rum ez zwet in vust,
 Vur (zo tha vuller zed) ez must
 Ta culy bit be bit.

Tha vuller zed ma vrend wiz dud,
 Way ap'rn auf then up ha stüd
 Za nakid's ha cud bee ;
 Then pin ez back, up tap a binch,
 Tha vuller rub'dn inch be inch ;
 Twiz mort'l vun ta zee.

Wul, wen pin tap ez veet ha got,
 A pipe way watter cole an hot,
 Wiz vi-erd irt at ez back ;
 Laur, jayly cry ! bevaur cud zay
 " Jack Rabinsin," ha rishd away—
 I thort mee zides wid crack.

That vuller then urn'd arter hee,
 An zed, " Now, zir, this mus'n bee,
 Ur ulse t'll meake he bad."
 Ha tuk'n back, an way zich fove
 Gid'n anuther colder dose,
 Wich zim'd ta draive'n mæd.

"Ah! boo! aw! zs-s-sh!!" out loud a cride,
(I raily thort I must a dide!)

"Yu've tuk away mee breth."

"T'll du'ee gude; com long a mee,
Tha nex a qwarter-pairt want bee
Za bad," tha vuller zeth.

Ha tuk min in anuther pleace,
An shet tha dote thay had'n skeace,
Bevaur my vrend zing'd owt;
I yer'd ez voyce com dru tha wal
Za lowd ez iver ha cud bal,
Thinks I, "Wat bee min bout."

I vury zun tha zaycrit naw'd,
Tha vuller zun com in an draw'd
Ma up pin tap tha binch;
An wen, ez I've dayscib'd, ha dud.
Then down pin tap ma veet I stud
An zwar'd I wid'n vlinch.

Ha tak tha pipe an vust let owt
Zom warmish watter aul abowt
Tha heels, an back, an haid;
Zeth I, "I rayther likes this yer—
Twid aivn meake a cat ta pur
Tho watter makes min vray'd."

I hadn' scacely 'ad that thort
Bevaur tha vuller id a brort
Tha pipe way aul ets foce;
An then, my ivers, did'n ha zlotter,
Vrim tail ta tap nat, tha cole watter
Laur jay! Twiz awvul, zoce;

"Dæmmet!" zeth I, "wy daunt'ee stæp!"
 I thort I rayley must a dræp
 Vur vury wænt a breth;
 Bit, howsimiver, I hold aun,
 An wen tha watter waz aul gaun,
 Ontu tha chæp I zeth,

"Now, hark ta mee, I bant agwain
 In thicky rum ta zuifer payn—
 I've æd anuff owt yer;
 I yer'd ma vrend zing owt jist now,
 An kick up a moast awvul row,
 Zeth hee, "I'll tull'ee, zir!"

"Tant minny genelmen kin stæn
 A dræp a watter like a mæn;
 Yæ've stæd et mort'l wul!
 Thares uny now a 'ditchy' bath,
 An ærter thæt yæ'll com owt vath
 Vresh ez no tung kin tul."

Wull, in ess went, æn then ha shet
 Et layst up twenty qwærts a wet
 Ez cole ez cole cæd be.
 Zeth I, "Yæ want, I zee et wul,
 Ta turn mer tu a conkerbul,
 Ef næt, tez murch ta mee."

Ha rub'd ma doun, æn then ha tost
 A whit sheet roun ma like a gost,
 Ta be no vurder mæl'd;
 Ha went aun, zo I voller'd hee,
 Ontu a rum (now less me zee)
 A Friz-me-daryum cal'd.

Wul yer ess zot zom time ta dry,
 An veel'd zich comfirt com, aw my !
 I cud'n understan ;
 I vancid Gip wiz nat mee dogg,
 An thit I wad'n Nathan Hogg,
 Bit zom murch stronger man.

Ess went an dress'd, and veel'd tha wile
 Vit vur a walk uv twenty mile,
 An playvul ez a cat ;
 Et did'n vlicker like a vleame,
 Vur I kintenid just tha zeame
 A vortnite arter that.

See Pickter tuk be Light.

Yuve zeed thic pickter tap me buk !
 Wul, thicky wan in ink wiz tuk
 An vorm'th a hansim zite ;
 Bit, Laur a macy ; yu shud zee
 Thic pickter thits a tuk be mee,
 Way, wat d'ee think?—Tha light !

Bit stop, I be bevaur me tale,
 An wid'n vur tha wurdle vail
 Ta tul thur how vacks stud ;
 Et laist za var ez wat I naw,
 Vur tid'n auf thay likes ta shaw
 How thit zich things be dud.

Wull, then, yer goth! tha t'other day
 A vrend a mine zeth, "Yer, I zay,
 Now! sposin yu shud die?"
 "My hyes!" zeth I, "wat du'ee tul—
 Way, I be veelin crewel wul—
 Why, du'ee ax now, wy?"

I awn I veel'd zummat avraid—
 Jist vancy me among tha dayd
 Thit veel'd za mort'l wul!
 Ontil ha zed, "Now, hark ta wat
 (An inwardly dayjest et, Nat!)
 I now be gwain ta tul."

Zeth hee, "wance moar, ez Ive a zayd,
 Zipposin now that yu wiz dayd,
 Way nether chick ner cheel,
 Ta zav thay hansim vaytyers an
 Way uther girt-men vur to stan—
 Wat wid tha wurd'l veel?"

"Now, jist in iny winder luk,
 Yu'll zee aul girt men ha bin tuk
 Exzeptin uv yerzul;
 Eet arter aul in iny pleace,
 Thin thine thare id'n a purty'r veace,"
 Zeth I, "Ha rayzn'th wul!"

"Mee vrend," zeth I, ez down I zot,
 "Wat yu've a zed shawth yu've a got
 A hayd thit's clinged aun wul;
 Tez tru mee vaytyers—nat a line—
 Bant, wan awm, uv a hordney kine,
 Altho' I zay't meezul!"

" Ez vur tha wurd'l vath! I veel,
 Nat hevin nether chick nor cheel
 Way vaytyers like thare dæd;
 Ta layve nort uv tha likes a mee
 (In keace I shud'n morry'd bee),
 Tiz zarvin voks tu bæd.

Ta mærra maurnin, playze tha pigs,
 Out in ma bestest close I rigs
 This yer nayt vorm a mine;
 An then ta Angels vore I'll jogg
 Vur hee ta teake mee an tha dogg—
 Tha pickter wul be vine! "

Nex maurnin com, an dress'd za nayt,
 Ess went up in tha Higher Strayt,
 An et tha shop ess stap;
 Ess striteway went in dru tha dore
 When a moast purty mayd stap vore
 A kertchy vur ta dræp.

Twiz zartin bee tha way hur luk'd
 Az ef hædmirin) thit her tuk'd
 Mer vur a Laurd er Zur;
 I æx'd hur ef za bee I cud
 Ha Gips an me awn pickter dud,
 "Aw zartinly!" zeth hur.

Hur vur a minnit went away,
 Wen her com down an zeth, "I zay,
 I'm zorry vur ta keep
 A ginelman like yu za long,
 Bit up stares thare's a riglir throng—
 Up aight ur mine awm deep."

Zeth I, "Wul I daunt metter that,"
 And then I aup'nd up a chat,
 An tuk a glimpse aroun;
 "Way laur!" zeth I, "u wid a thort,
 Zep pickters, vur ta zee nat nort,
 Vrim zaylin tu tha groun?"

Chuck vul, ez wul, tha winder waz,
 Zeth I, "Mee deer, now I'll be daz!
 Yul yewze up aul the lite;
 An wid'n et bee a purty lark
 Ta layve tha wurd'l in tha dark
 An turn tha day ta night."

Hur zim'd ta think this mort'l cat,
 Tride nat ta zmile, but cud'n du't,
 An then hur laff'd owt rite;
 Ez murch ez, zo I thort, ta zay
 "Ha talk'th in a moast cliver way
 About tha dark an lite."

Wul, arter I'd a luk'd about
 An ad zom girt voks pointed out—
 Tu minny vur ta tul;
 Her ax'd ef I wid go up stair—
 Zeth I, "Mee purty, I daunt care,"
 Zo then hur ring'd tha bul.

A veller com'd thay cal'd a page;
 "A page," zeth I, "way wat's ez age?
 Ha'th got a hanshint luk!"
 Hur laff zo thit her cudn't stap—
 "A page?" zeth I "wat thicky chap?
 Moar like a vul graw'd buk!"

Ha shaw'd mur up intu a rum?
 Zich tiddivation an purfum
 I nivir zeed aaur;
 I zot way hat atween ma nees,
 Wile Gip wiz moast avraid ta sneeze;
 Et waz za vine, aw laur!

Tha chap thit shawd ess up, zeth hee,
 Yu want yer pickter tuk'd, I zee.
 "Iss zhure! tha dog ez wul,"
 Zeth I, "how kin em teake a vu
 Uv Gip an me, or eet uv yu?"
 Zeth he, "Now, want'ee tul?"

"No, pin me zaul, I want, me man?
 I zeth, and hold'n out me han
 And gied ez aun a zheake;
 Ha whispered law an zeth ta mee,
 "I'll tull thur moar thin thee wiss zee
 Bit daun't tul vur my zeake!

"Ef yu mist naw, in zummer days,
 Thay bottlt'h up tha zinny rays
 Until thay've villed em vul;
 Then cork'th em up most mort'l tight
 Zo thit there ez ziffishent lite
 Vur winter days ez wul.

"Wul then thay dra tha shadder in
 Tha middle uv tha bottled zin,
 An then dra'th owt tha cork;
 Tha shadder then rish'th owt pin tap
 An pin a peece a paper drap,
 An then they've din thare work.

"Yer go'th, I yer tha Angels trayd,
 A comin down vrim auver hayd,
 Now zit still ware yu bee ;
 Bee zshore yu keep yer mowthe a shet
 An nat let out a zingle bit
 Uv wat yu've yer'd a mee."

A ginelman way beard purfuz
 Com'd in an dud tha "How de dus,"
 An zed "plaize voller mee!"
 Another story up ha went,
 An, aw! I zmel'd a plezint zent,
 Ez quick I voller'd hee.

I got up tap, an thare I zeed
 Kinarys uv tha purtiest breed—
 I niver yer'd zich thing ;
 An, ez I stöp'd intu tha pleace,
 Thay zim'd ta zay, "Aw! yers a keace!—
 Tez Nathan! Let ess zing?"

An zo thay did in fust-reate style,
 I lukin round mer aul tha wile
 Ta zee tha purty zight ;
 Zes I ta Gip, an tu mezul,
 A vuller zshur muss luk up wul,
 Ef nat ha idd'n vright.

Tha burds, tha plants, tha vurnitur,
 Luk'd aul za gran, thit I zed, "Yer,
 Yu Gip! Zit zide a mee ;"
 Vur hur (yu naw tez like hur cheek)
 Zim'd as hur ad bin thare a week
 An homly zim'd ta bee.

Wan zide uv ware I vust went in
 Thay keeps, thinks I, tha bottled zin,
 An zo I ad a peep ;
 An thare I zeed tha measter teake
 A bottle an jist gie a zheake
 Uv wat ha thare did keep.

Ha zeed mer laking, an, zeth hee,
 " Et idd'n auf'n ess let's zee
 Tha voks wat ez be bout ;
 Bit ez yu zims a larnid man,
 An ez I naw'd yer Brither Jan—
 I wul, vur zeake a hee.

Yu zee ez keepth out all tha zin,
 Bit wat dru yellor kin git in,
 Vur that's tha uny light ;
 An ef twiz other culler'd glass,
 Tha zort a light wid niver pass
 Ta bring yer vorm ta zight.

Wul then, ha zeth—" Now luk dee zee
 An this acktinism bee,
 Vur now I teake a pleate ;"
 " Uv kus," zeth I, " I zee it qwhite,
 'Tis wat yum hactin, now, aul vright,
 Yu need no vurder steate."

Ha'd got a zmal plate in ez han,
 An then ha put min in a stan,
 Thay cal'd a zilver bath ;
 " A Turkey Bath I've ad, thinks I,
 Bit now I, yer, in zilver lie—
 I'm gittin up, iss vath !"

"Wul, com outzide, *an* now zit down
 An daunt put aun a zingle vrown
 Wile I be hocussin; "*
 Thinks I, "*wat du* er main be that,
 Ha's gwain ta put, ef *nät* I'm drat,
 Zom puyz'n in zim gin.

Bit vust uv aul, I shüd a told
 Ha zshaw'd a thing thit wid stick hold—
 New-maddick† *twaz* ha zed;
 "Aw, wul!" zeth I, "that's vury wul,
 Bit tha old-maddick vur mezul,—
 Wat dig'th tha Moret'n rid."‡

Wul, az ess zed, ess went out thare
 Ware vust ess went *an* tuk a chare—
 Zeth he "Zit ware *yu* bee;
 Be zure *yu* daunt now stur a stump,
 Nur gie a wink, nur meake a jump,
 Ur a picktur *yu*'ll bee;

"Jist put yer haid agin this thing,
 An tuther zide tha vace jist bring—
 Iss! now *yu*'m vitty meade;"
 Zeth I, "Tha last time I wiz told
 Ta put mee hay'd in zich a hold
 I *ad* a *tuth* a drade."

* Focussing. † Pneumatic. ‡ A well known potato.

Wul thare I zot, *an* zo did Gip,
 When aul ta vance her gied a skip,
 Ta ha zom 'other luk;
 Tha konsekins uv this yer rin,
 Wiz thit thay *cud*'n point tha zin
 An zo hur wad'n tuk.

Ez vur mezul, ha zed I waz
 Tuk purty-wul; bit aw, I'm daz!
 Et arterwirds wiz shawn,
 Thit stid of wan nauze I *ad* tu,
 Way vower eyes (mowthe aup ta vu!)
 I'd *muv*'d *an* gied a yawn.

Another pleate ha went *an* got,
 An Gip *an* mee aul proper zot,
 Zeth he "Yu'm yer aul vright;
 In thicky dark rum I'm agwain
 Ta git tha devil up* agane,
 Cuz ha want com bee light."

"Cry jay!" zeth I, "let's go down stairs,
 Daunt let min naw uv my avairs,
 An wen ha's gone zend down;
 Ef thit mee pickter I'd a naw'd
 Tha devil wid a com *an* draw'd,
 I'd stayed et home, I'm bou'n!"

Ma spurits then ha did appayz,
An zed "Now zit yer mine et ayze,
 Ha want com out ta *yu*;"
 Bit till ha haup'd tha dore agane,
Yu cud ha kill'd mer way a cane,
 I zshuke zo, dru *an* dru.

* Develope.

Ha zun com'd out, an in a case
 Tha nigmative* et wance did pleace
 Ta zucky up tha light ;
 Wile this wiz din, ha zeth, " Com zee
 Tha way ess dith et aul, way me,
 Com aun an zee tha zight ! "

Ha shaw'd mer vrim pleace to pleace,
 An put awn a most zmlin veace,
 Ez ef ha shawd a Duk ;
 Altho I did'n ware no crown,
 No dowt thit wen ha shaw'd mer roun,
 Ha thort like wan I luk.

Wul, arter zeein lots a things,
 Intu a rum merzul ha brings,
 Ware zich a purty may'd
 Wiz tiching up a riglar gent—
 (Ez pickter I shud zay)—way paint,
 Thit butivul wiz lay'd.

An in another pleace a chap
 Wiz rollin aun, an diddn' stap
 Tha time thit I wiz thare ;
 Wile dru tha thing, ha turn'd about,
 Tha pickters went, an then sheen'd out
 Like hoil apin tha hare.

* Negative.

Thick minnit doun anuther zwul
 Com'd way a pickter uv mezul—
 "Wat dud za zun?" zed I.
 Wul zo ha ez—a purty zight,—
 Tha dog an me tuk aul be light—
 "Wurraw!" zeth I, "my heye!"

Wul, now I've tole thur all tha zight
 I zeed wile ess wiz tuk'd be light,
 An now zoce if za bee
 Yu want ta zee a hanzim veace,
 Yu better go tu ANGEL's pleace,
 An thare yu can zee mee!
 Nat uny mee—that's Measter Hogg—
 Bit yu kin aulzo zee tha dogg.

Tha Kenton Gost.

In auder tu zhet vore ma rime
 Naw, vrends, thit wance a pin a time,
 A Gost appeer'd in Kent'n Town—
 A litt'l pleace, zom zeb'n mile down,
 Vrim Exter, ware wan Tuckett dwult
 U aiv'n Gosts ta nort cud mult;
 An et us nœd, ur wink, ur kauff,

Ole Zat'ns zul wid quick urn auff ;
 Ur prøps, tha plainer wurds ta put,
 Tha vury devil eszul wid cut.
 Bit vust uv aul ta kleeer tha keace
 I mit ez wul dayscribe tha pleace.
 Tha main-pairt ez a long-ful strait—
 (No metteer ez ta yeards ur veet)
 An haf awt wul, pin zarch, be vown,
 Meade uv porrish, bur-yil grown,
 Ware vullijers kin zware bee hosts
 Thay've yerd an mit way rayal Gosts.
 I've yerd ole granfer Bickvord zay
 Thit wance, a pin ez homwird way,
 Jist et tha zolim midnite how'r
 Ha yer'd a voyce zay vrim tha tow'r—
 "Now Granfer, meake haste hom—d'ee yer!
 Thee hast no rite away vrim hur."
 An wen ha got hom yer'd tha larm
 Thit ez ole dumman'd brauk hur arm.
 An wan time urdlier thin that
 Ha zeed a large *tu* hayded cat
 A pin a tumstone *stüd* upwrite,
 An holdin owt ez veests ta vight ;
 Ez Gran'fer *stüd* thare, like a stone,
 Ha yer'd *tu* voyces zay—"Com aun!"
 Ha'd bin a *gude* man in ez day—
 But "vite way Gosts," zeth hee, "laur jay!—"
 Ha did'n care ta ha a scat
 Wen thare wiz nort a *tal* ta hat.
 Wul, then, I've yerd ole Churry* Hares,
 U *dud* a trade in grocery wares,
 Zware thit wan nite, wen gwain ta baid,
 Ta tother zide ware *waz* tha daid,

* Charity.

Hur rayly thort hur must a dide
 Ta zee, jist ware hur ole man lide,
 A lite aul blu an whit aszend
 Ez if ets hight wid niver end ;
 Ez zun ez hur beind hur pray'rs
 Hur Jan's voyce zings out—" Churry Hares !
 Luk in tha geard'n, gie dree nocks,
 An, wen yu yer ma cal, a box,
 Wul, Churry deer, ta aize ma zaul,
 Spring tu thy vut up dru a haul ;
 Thares veefty poun thit I'd a zave
 Bevaur I went ta me zilent grave ;—
 I shud a told'ee et tha nick-
 A-time bit waz tuk'd auff tu quick."
 Jist then hur yer'd a clap a thinder ;
 An in her vright shet tu tha winder
 Tha lite went out, hur went ta baid
 An yer'd no moar uv tha ole man daid.
 I ax'd hur how about the nocks,
 An if hur voun tha munny box ;
 Hur tole mer way a zorravul veace
 Hur'd gied dree nacks bit twad'n tha pleace,
 In vack hur'd nack'd tha geard'n auver
 Bit cud'n tha hyd'id guld dayscover ;
 Eet, strong in vayth, ta tha day hur dide,
 Hur wid'n beleeve ez Gost id lide ;
 Hur miss'd tha spot thit exack ha neamed,
 Bit et wad'n hee thit waz ta be bleamed,
 Vur, tha vorty yur thit hur wiz ez wive,
 Ha'd niver tole hur a lie in ez live,
 An za zshore ez hur ole cat wid purdle,
 Ha wid'n du et in tother wurdle ;
 Bit I'll nack an nack, tha ole zaul zed,
 Vur et layst et'll tul tha ole man dayd,
 Tho et dith no aithly gud ta mee ;

I honnerd tha lass wurd zed be hee.

I've tole thur aul bout Churry Hares,
 An how th'ole dumman æd hur cares,
 An now I'll gie a kease ur *tu*
 Ta zhaw wat Gosts an Goblins *du* ;
 An ez *yu'm* in a hurry'd way
 I'll tul tha tale uv Vanny Bray.
 Now Vanny waz a quiet zaul
 U burn'd up hüd instead a kaul,
 Becuz tha wan wiz got vur nort—
 Tha tother, ez hur zed, wiz bort ;
 Zo uv tha *tu* hur 'd rayther vix
 Apin tha kuse uv pickin sticks.
 Time waz wen ginelvokes wid give
 Tha pore abowt tha chance ta live,
 Dru winter, vree vrim laygil harm
 Vur pickin sticks ta keep min warm,
 Ontil the Cownty Pleecemen com
 An *tuk* tha comfirts vrim yer hom.
 Hüd pickin in tha gud old time,
 Wiz, honisty bit now tez krime,
 Brort in bee zich ez Lady Raull—
 The Laurd ha macy pin her zaul !—
 I yer'd a pore hüdpicker zay,
 U *tu* tha pur'zn vown ez way,
 Becuz ha'd *tuk* ontu eszul,
 Tuppenner'd wat tha hadgers vul.
 Uv kuse a la wul com in zun
 Ta zend zich vellers *tu* tha mun,
 Ware wan pore chap, zo ess be told,
 Ith in thic disimul dwullin roll'd
 Vur hevin, wen twiz cole an windy,
 Pick'd up a stick ur *tu* pin Zindy ;—
 I'd zend min, if et waz my keace,
 Stright *tu* tha mun ta pruv thur keace ;

An, in zich zmal, meade up, ofvences
 Jist meake min pay thur aun hexpenses.—
 Bit *stap*! I'm urnin auff *yu'll* zay
 An *wat* about old Vanny Bray?
 Wul, Vanny *wad'n* ta be *dud*
 Owt uv hur *kus* uv pickin *hud*;
 Tha Pleecemen *nu'd* hur, bit "No Go!"—
 Hur'd zmul min vur a mile ur zo,
 An zo vur yurs hur sticks hur scrap'd
 An vrom thare tender macies scap'd.
 An hur minuvers thay wiz zich
 Twiz zed thit Vanny *was* a witch.
 An being zich a rummy crony
 Must ha, uv *kus*, a girt dail munny.
 But thares a Pleecemin *u* wan day
 Laid hees girt veest tap Vanny Bray,
 This Pleecemin *wadd'n* dress'd in *blu*
 Way butt'ns urning aul down *drw*:
 Ha *ha'd* nat no kudgil in ez *han*
 Way wich to meake ofvenders *stan*!
 Ez trayd wiz misher'd, varm *an* zlaw,
 Ez zlightest tich a *nack-down* baw;
 A conkerbul *waz* iv'ry breth,
 Thick Pleecemin's name, me vrends, wiz DETH.
 Aul zilent roun hur he'd a gaun—
 Hur niver yur'd min zay *nuv* aun!
 An zo it ez vrim day ta day
 Ess lives aun in a careliss way
 Twiz vur this zulf-zeame careliss way
 Tha Pleecemin Deth *tuk* Vanny Bray.
 Tez *tru* hur got intu a vix
 Bit *nat* vur pickin a *vu* sticks;—
 Wat *waz* et then's tha queshin gib'n
 Thit keep'd pore Van vrim gwain ta Heb'n;
 Vur hur wiz zeed, ur ulse thay lide,

In her ole houze, tha nite hur dide,
 An et her winder, iv'ry nite,
 Vur wicks thare waz a dark urd lite,
 An twulve o'clock, za zaffs a gun,
 An zomtimes up za late ez wan,
 Hur at hur winder wid appeer
 Ez if hur'd rauze up vrim hur beer;
 An thare hur'd stay, vul haf tha nite,
 Wrapp'd up in a most awful lite,
 Wen aul ta wance hur'd vlash away,
 Ez Cockleert wid zshet vore ets ray.
 Wan nite, jist arter hur wiz gaun,
 Jan Morrish way ez nite-kep aun,
 Luk'd in tha rum an zmul'd a zmul
 An vur wicks arter wad'n wul;
 An, wen ha com'd owt vrim tha dark,
 Apin ez nite-kep waz a mark
 Uv wich yu've niver zeed tha veller—
 Uv kus twiz Brimstone cuz twis yellor.
 Wul zun tha nus got aul abraud,
 An iv'ry nite tha midd'l raud
 Wiz dring'd bee zich a haiger host
 Uv vokes ta zee tha Kent'n Gost!
 A Methadee pass'n ad a pray
 Ta draive por Vanny's Gost away,
 Bit nat a bit a yus wiz that
 Vur arter aul thare, eet hur zot.
 Twiz zed hur wid'n laive hur purch
 Cuz Pass'n C. warn't in tha church.
 Wan day tha darter uv pore Van
 Ta Exter com ta zee tha man
 Cal'd Tuckitt, an u nawd tha way,
 Twiz zed, a hunder'd gots ta lay.
 Thick man, I've zed, wiz zurnamed Tuckett,
 An wance id voun Van's darter's buckett;

Ha gid hur zivril litt'l stoans,
 Tide in a bag, an zed Van's boans
 Wid nack agin hur kauffin lid,—
 That's if za be hur darter did
 Zay "Picksy, Wicksy, Rum, Tum, Tee!"—
 Twice vur aich stone,—no metter dree.
 Tha spurrit then wid yur tha boans,
 An, arter gie'n a vu groans,
 Hur vorm strite vore, like zmæuk, wid curd'l
 An strite hur'd meake vur tother wurd'l.
 Hur tride tha wize mæn, hom hur com,
 An, vrom hur pocket, tuk therevrom
 Tha stoans thit I've a tole ta yu
 An then begin'd ta tul min dru;
 An' ez hur vinish'd "Rum, Tum, Tee,"
 A lot a vokes, ez wul ez she,
 Yer'd ole Van's voyce zing out quite loud,
 An zeed hur vorm roll, like a cloud,
 Irt auff, an niver zince thick nite
 Hev vokes a zeen zich veervul zite.
 Zom zed tha mæn way kuryiss lite
 Wiz tap tha winder sheenin brite;
 An thare wiz other vokes thit vow'd
 Twiz nort exzep a vleetin cloud,
 An pin tha mæn a mævin pass
 Drade down ets shadder tap tha glass;
 An thit tha rain com'd aun, thick nite,
 An vrom thick time tha kuryiss lite
 Vrim that zole kauze ad zays'd ta bee
 An nat vrim WICKSY, RUM, TUM, TEE!

Tha Exter Saujers.

Laast Zinday mornin' up ta Exter I goes
Vor ta zee brither Jan in 'is saujerin' clothes;
Zo I zwacks up an' down an' all the town roun',
An' ta laast up tap Nor'n'ay the hosebird I voun',
Fol de rol lol, fol de rol lol,
Fol de rol liddle lol, fol de rol, lol.

La! Jan was zo alter'd in 'is saujerin' dress
I should'n a knaw'd Jan if a 'adn' spok' fuss;
The kep o'n was leather so cousse an' so large
An' 'is burches was made o' the coussiest blue sarge.

Chorus—

Now into the ranks they was order'd to val,
They was strite as a line, they was 'pon my sawl!
The music strook'd up, an' the cap'n cried "March!"
An' they all vaced about an' walk'd intu the church.

Chorus—

Resolvèd was I tu zee St. Peter's dru-out
Zo I gie'd a chap a shillin' to shaw me about;
'E shaw'd me the organ, the bones an' the bell,
An' a 'underd things more that gude Laurd I can't tell!

Chorus—

As it graw'd towards aivnin I yer'd the vokes zay
That up pin tap Nor'n'ay the band it would play;
Zo I zwacks up pin Nor'n'ay and when I got there,
Why Lor! you'd a thort 'twas some ray!* or some fair!

Chorus—

Vor up come tu gurt men wi' tu gurt steel pans,
And' there pin tap Nor'n'ay they took up their stan's
'An they made jis a row wi' their rickety rock
I'd a made a better noise 'pon mi granny's ole crock

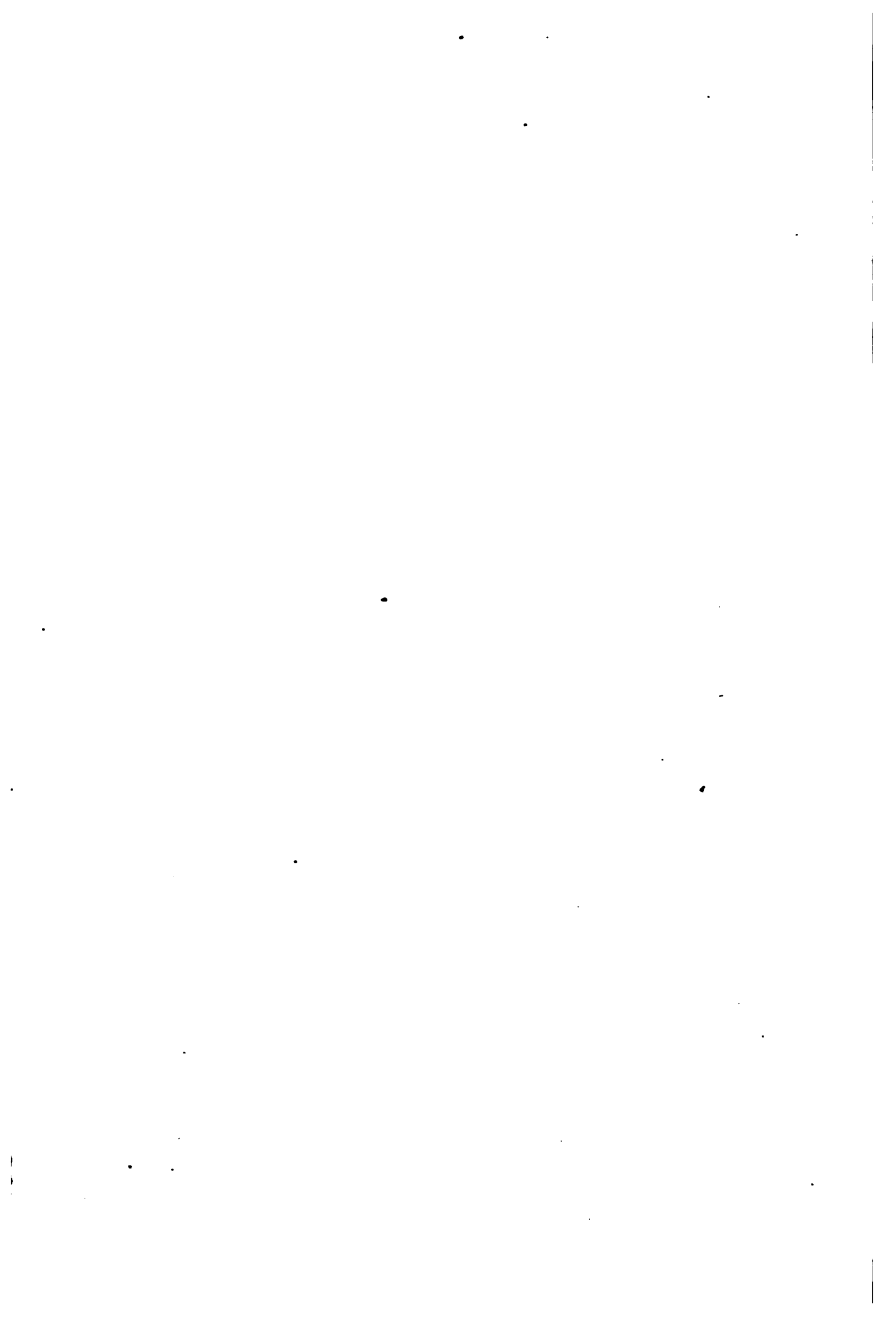
Chorus—

The aufficers was wi' the ladies a walkin'
They'd a little a drink'd I could zee by their talkin';
The ladies wear'd veathers an' ribbins pin tap,
You'd a thort aich maid's 'aid was a milliner's shop;

Chorus—

Zo I zes to brither Jan, "If this be the way
You vokes up ta Exter du spend the Lord's day
An' if it be true what our passen dith tell,
I'll be dalld' if you baint on the right road to ——!"

Chorus—



NOTE.

Two of the greatest peculiarities in the Devonshire Dialect are the pronunciation of the *u* and *a*, as in the Scotch "*gude*" and the English "*cat*." The "*u*" and "*a*" not italicised are pronounced as in "*full*" and "*fate*." The next nearest approach to *u* is *eu* in the French word "*peu*," and, strange to say, it is not met with in the dialect of any other county in England. "*Th*" is almost always pronounced as "*th*" in "*thine*," "*f*" as "*v*," "*e*" as "*i*," and "*s*" as "*z*." The idioms of this "most interesting form of English speech," as that great linguist, Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte terms it are too numerous to be dwelt on in the brief space of a "Note."

GLOSSARY.

A, of, have	aun, on	bant, beant, am not
abu, above	ant, awt, of it	bekase, because
adu, to do, ceremony,	avaur, before	bim bye, bye and bye
adieu	aw'min, of them	bin, been
agaun, gone	aw's, of us	bit, but
agin, against	ax'd, asked	blaijed, obliged
agwayn, going	azide, beside	blid, blood
aight, eight		bort, bought
ails, eels		bout, about
ayzy, easy	Bayst, beast	bral, brawl
ayt, eat	ballin, calling	brauk, broken
alongzide, beside	balu, row	brekses, breakfast
anuff, enough	ban, band	bul, bell
arely, early	bang, to beat a sound,	
arter, after	a noise	Cabical, capital
atween, between	bangin, great	caunder, corner

carr, carry
cheel, child
clayn, clean
clipper, a knock
cookeleert, daybreak
com'd, came
cort, caught
crayturs, creatures
cud, could
cud'n, couldn't
cut, acute
cuz, because
conkerbul, an icicle

Drat et, ods rot it
paps, image
darter, daughter
deeve, deaf
dimmet, dusk
diss'n, don't you
dwd, done, did
dra, dra, to draw
drap, to drop
draut, throat
dunnaw, don't know
dyver'd, faded

Ess, yes
eet, yet
aykl, equal
er, or
ez, ess—his, us, we

Firnt, front
foce, force
fulty, filthy
fust, first

Gawkim, a stupid
fellow
gied, gave

gie, give
gilhal, Guildhall
girt, great
girtly, greatly
gwayn, going

Ha, have
ha, he
haf, half
haid, head
hal, to draw
handid, handed
hannel, handle
harly, hardly
hat, to knock
haup, hope
haul, hole
hikes, go
hinkling, inclination
hist, hast
hoce, hoarse
hollar, to cry out
hom, home
hud, wood
hulkin, lubberly
humman, dumman,
woman

Iny, any
irt, right
ith, hath
iv'ry, every

Jist, just

Kaynin, looking
karrin, carrying
kend, kind
kindiddled, enticed
kiss'n can't not
kort, caught

kort, court
kus, course
kut, acute
kuzz'n, cousins

Laur, low, lor, Lord
lauss, lost

Ma, my
macy, mercy
man'd, man would
manijed, managed
mare, mayor
mer, me
mezul, myself
miny, many
mort'l, very
much, to smoothe
mucks, mud
murch, much

Nack, knock
nat, not
nauble, noble
nause, nose
naw, knowledge
naws, knows
nort, nothing
Norny, Northernhay

Ort, anything

Pakin, strolling
pasnips, parsnips
pennner'd, penny-
worth
puches, mouths
pheasants, peasants
pin, upon
pillamy, pillem, dust
platter, plate
purty, pretty
puss, purse

Quardlin, quarreling

Rayfuzil, refusal
rayls, revels
raymid, stretched
rauze, rise

Saff, safe
sar'd, serve
scra'd, crawled
skace, scarce
skiddick, a scrap, or
small portion
shet, shut, shot
shud, should
stop, stop
steer'd, stiff
stuer, dust
stud, stood

Ta, to
tap, top
thit, that
thort, thought
thur, thee
tidd'n, 'tis not
tide, tied
thrapse, to walk about
tu, to, two
tul, tell
tummil'd, tumbled
twoad, toad

Ull, will
ulse, else
uny, only
ur, or
urd, red
urdlier, earlier
urch, rich
urn, to run

urning, running
us'd, we had
uv, of

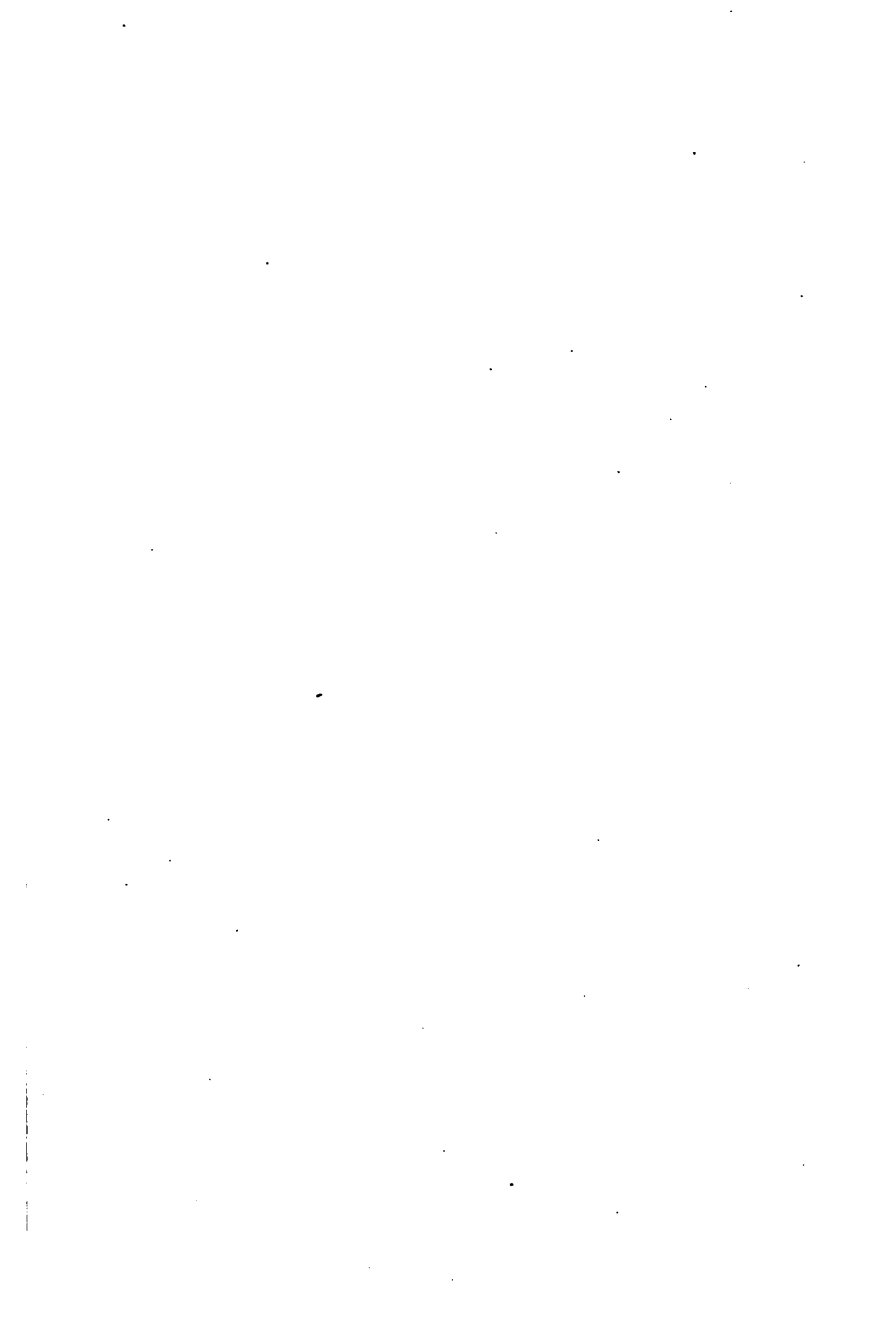
Vack, fact
val'd fell
valin, falling
vantysheeny, showy
varder, further
vath, faith
vaur, before
vaut, fault
veefty, fifty
vier, fire
vin'd, fined
vippence, fivepence
vlid, flood
voks, folks
voller'd, followed
vrim, from
vright, right
vrites, writes
vrizzin, frozen
vul, fool
vuller'd, fellow had
vulty, filthy
vun, fun
vung, vang, find, take,
gather
vur, for
vurgit, forgot
vury, very
vusaied, hurried

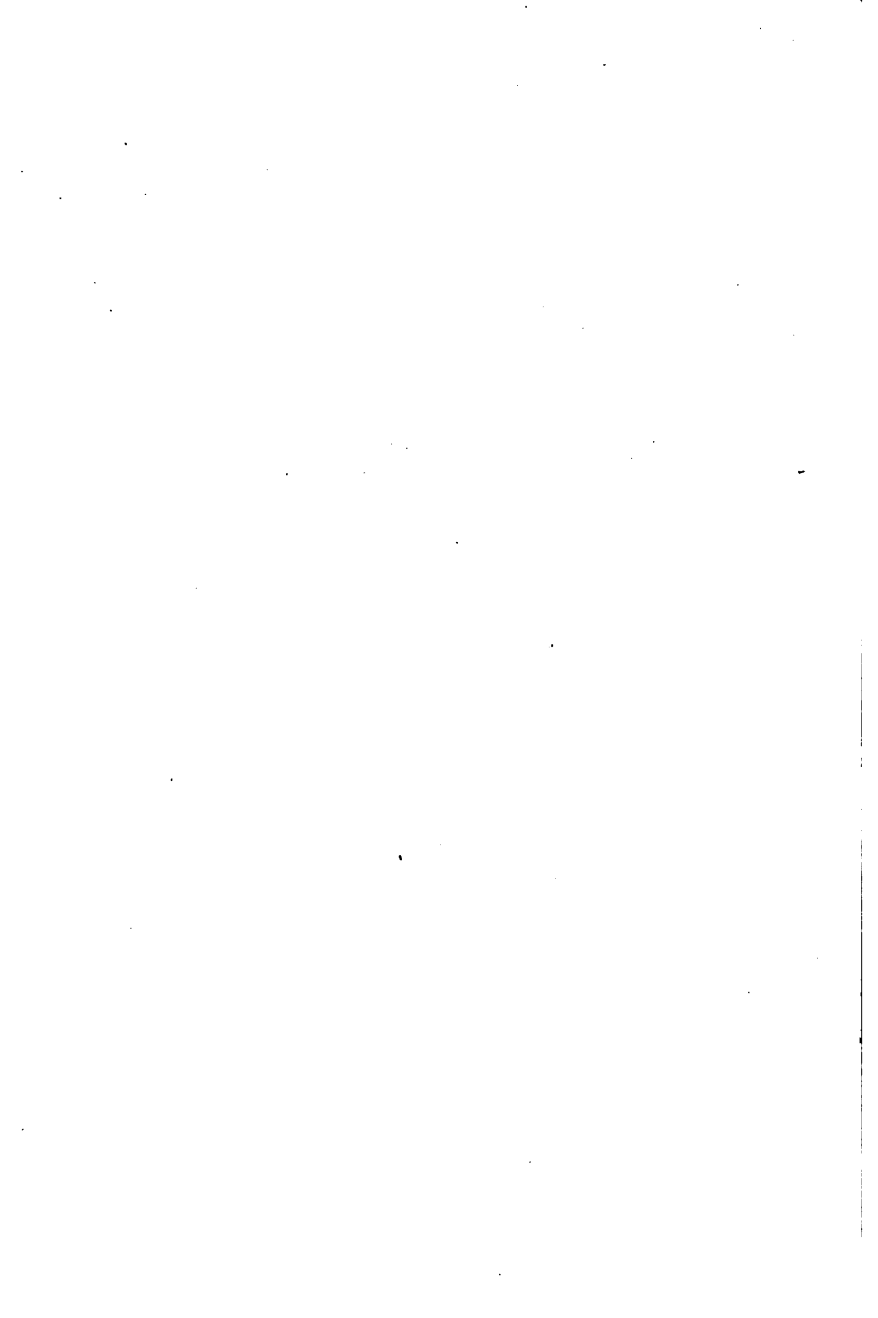
Wack, knock
wacking, great
wan, one
wance, once
wap, thrash
wat, what
way, with
wayout, without
wid, would

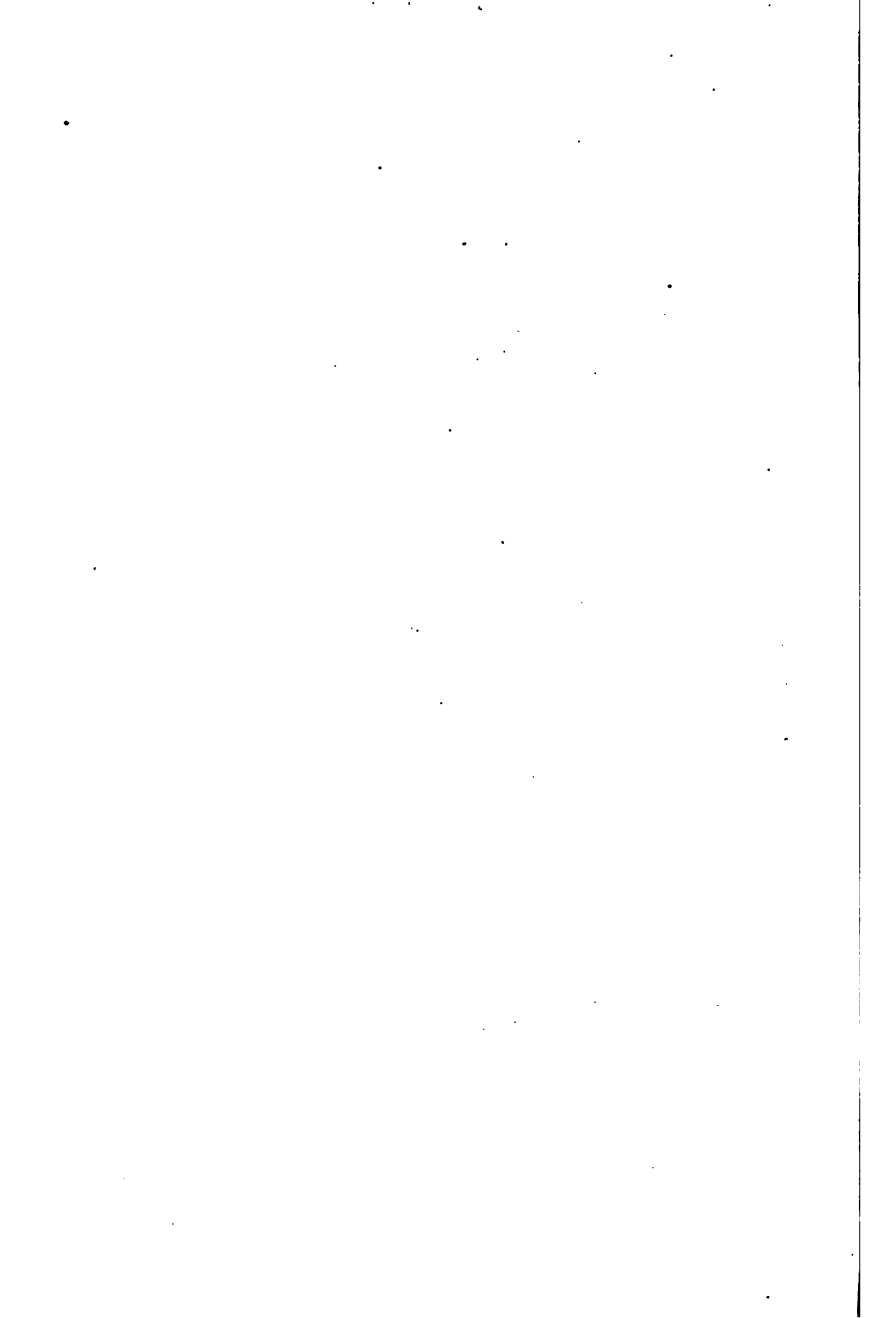
weth, worth
whacker, great
wiz, was
wiss, would'st
whit, white
wurdle, world
wul, well
wulvare, welfare
wur, were
wuss, worse

Yeller, yellow
yer, yur, your—here,
hear
yer'd heard
yushil, usual
yum, you are

Za, so
zayce, cease
zart, soft
zartin, certain
zaw, saw
zed, said
zee, see
zeed, seen
zes, says
zhapse, shape
zich, such
zide, side
zim'd, seemed
zims, think
zin, son, sun
zlappin, sleeping
zlipper, slippery
zmitch, smell
zom, some
zot, sat
zummat, something
zun, soon
zwant, soft, pliable
zwetting, sweating







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